SHALL WE FIRE THE MARRIED WOMEN

Liberty

SEPT. 30, 1939

5¢

JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

The NEXT WORLD'S CHAMPION by Arthur Donovan

LCOHOLICS and GOD by Morris Markey

"You're absolutely right, madam, the new Listerine Tooth Paste fights decay better because of its marvelous power to penetrate and cleanse tiny defects in enamel where so much decay starts."

"That marvelous Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' wakes up your whole mouth—and gets teeth cleaner and brighter so fast," says lovely Athalia Ponsell, famous New York model.

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New Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth and brings luster in thrilling new way

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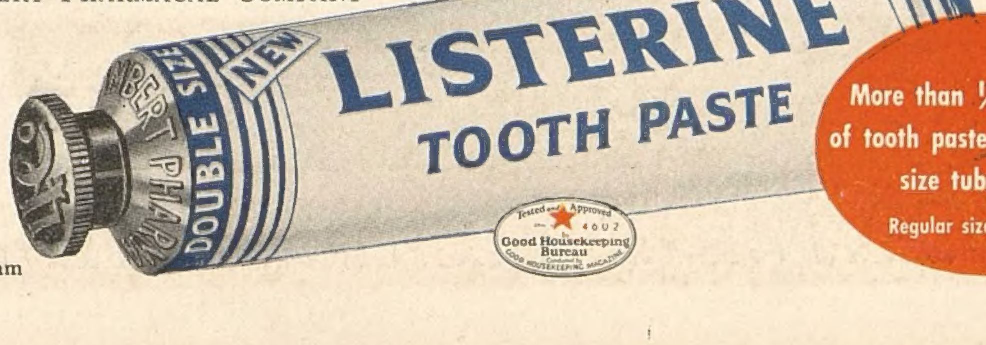

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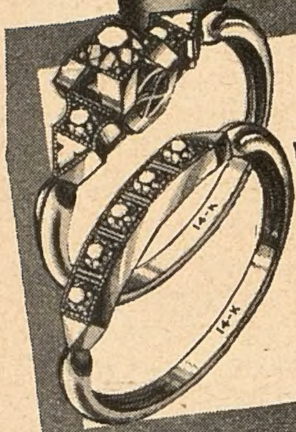

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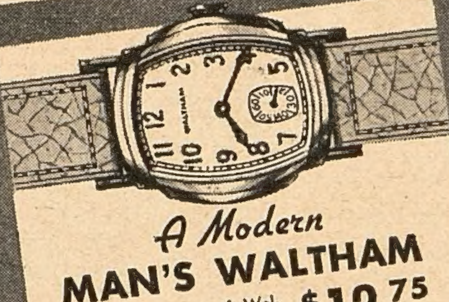

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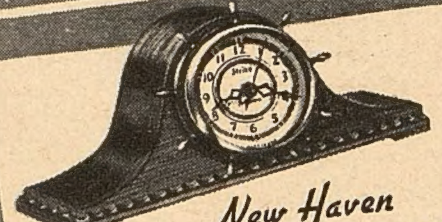

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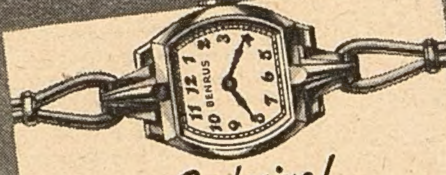

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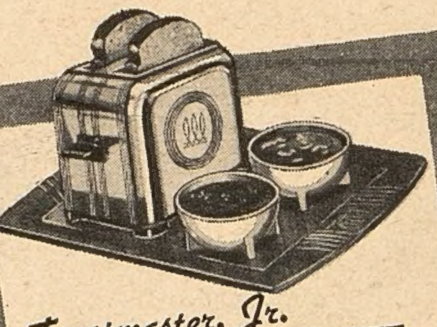

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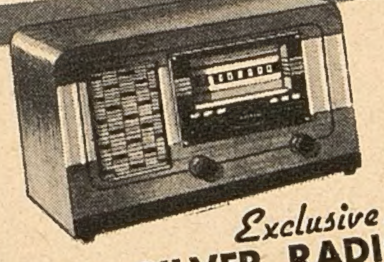

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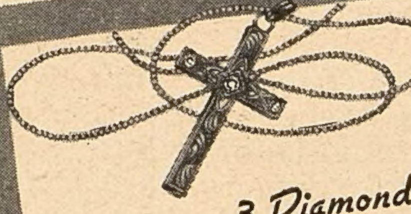

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 39

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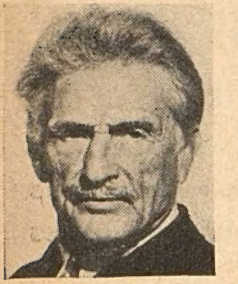
QUACK REMEDIES FOR THE UNEMPLOYMENT EVIL


BERNARR MACFADDEN

Philip Murray, vice-president of the C. I. O., in a recent radio address sponsored by the Labor Department, suggested to President Roosevelt that a conference be called of the best thinkers in government, labor, and industry, to find a solution for the unemployment problem.

The unemployment problem has no abstruse complications. A solution could be clearly and definitely pointed out by any experienced business man.

What is the source of jobs anyway? Do they come from the genius displayed by government officials? What was the source of jobs in the automobile business, for example? Its original development was due to one man's genius—Henry Ford's.

What was the source of the jobs in the aviation industry, which some day will rival the automobile business? Its origin was due to the genius of the Wright brothers, assisted by Lindbergh and other enthusiastic adventurers in the aviation world.

What was the source of jobs in the huge telephone organizations? Alexander Bell was back of the billions invested in this business, the employees of which can undoubtedly be counted by the millions.

And then there is the colossal business of broadcasting and the building of radios that employs millions of people; and we have air conditioning and many other absolutely new businesses due entirely to the genius of the men who created them.

And are we so dumb as to think that everything has been discovered . . . that there are no more possibilities in the world of invention? No one but a fool should harbor such a viewpoint. We have just made a good beginning in what might be called the inventive era, and, as we have stated on this page on many occasions, it is the encouragement given us by the freedom that has been allowed the citizens of this country which has enabled us to monopolize the genius in the world of invention. Every modern invention has been either invented or promoted here.

During a large part of the tragical experiences from which we have suffered in this prolonged depression, we have had governmental tinkerers . . . with their fantastic experimentation. Business did not need help from the government, as was demonstrated before social experimenting began in the first few months of the Roosevelt administration. Then business improved and values advanced to a greater extent than ever before in a similar period in the history of the country.

Had this administration continued to follow the policy of "hands off" business, the abnormal unemployment evil would soon have been remedied. Official reprimands handed out to investors will not loosen their pocketbooks. "You can bring a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

The huge output of governmental bonds has monopolized the investment market. Rigid and foolish restrictions in the banking world have prevented bankers from loaning money to private business enterprises.

The lack of confidence created by the unbalanced budget, high taxes, constantly increasing, and many other governmental restrictions on business are the real cause of the unemployment evil.

Even a fool ought to know that if he attacks the source of jobs . . . handicaps and restricts the employers . . . such injustice will naturally increase unemployment.

It would be just as sensible to expect an employee to turn out more work when you annoy and irritate him by unjust rules and restrictions.

The employer cannot be compelled to remain in business or promote his activities. We cannot make a capitalist invest his money by law. He must be convinced that he has a chance of making a reasonable profit, and the activities of this administration have apparently been directed by a desire to decrease profits . . . to lessen the financial advantages that come to business and investors.

Some workers seem to have the foolish idea that if they take away profit for the employer, somehow or other they will secure increased wages . . . but the situation is exactly the reverse. There is only one way to make more jobs and that is to use every possible means of encouraging the employer or the investor . . . then it would be entirely natural for him to increase his investments and to invest extra profits and thus create many additional jobs.

Bernarr Macfadden

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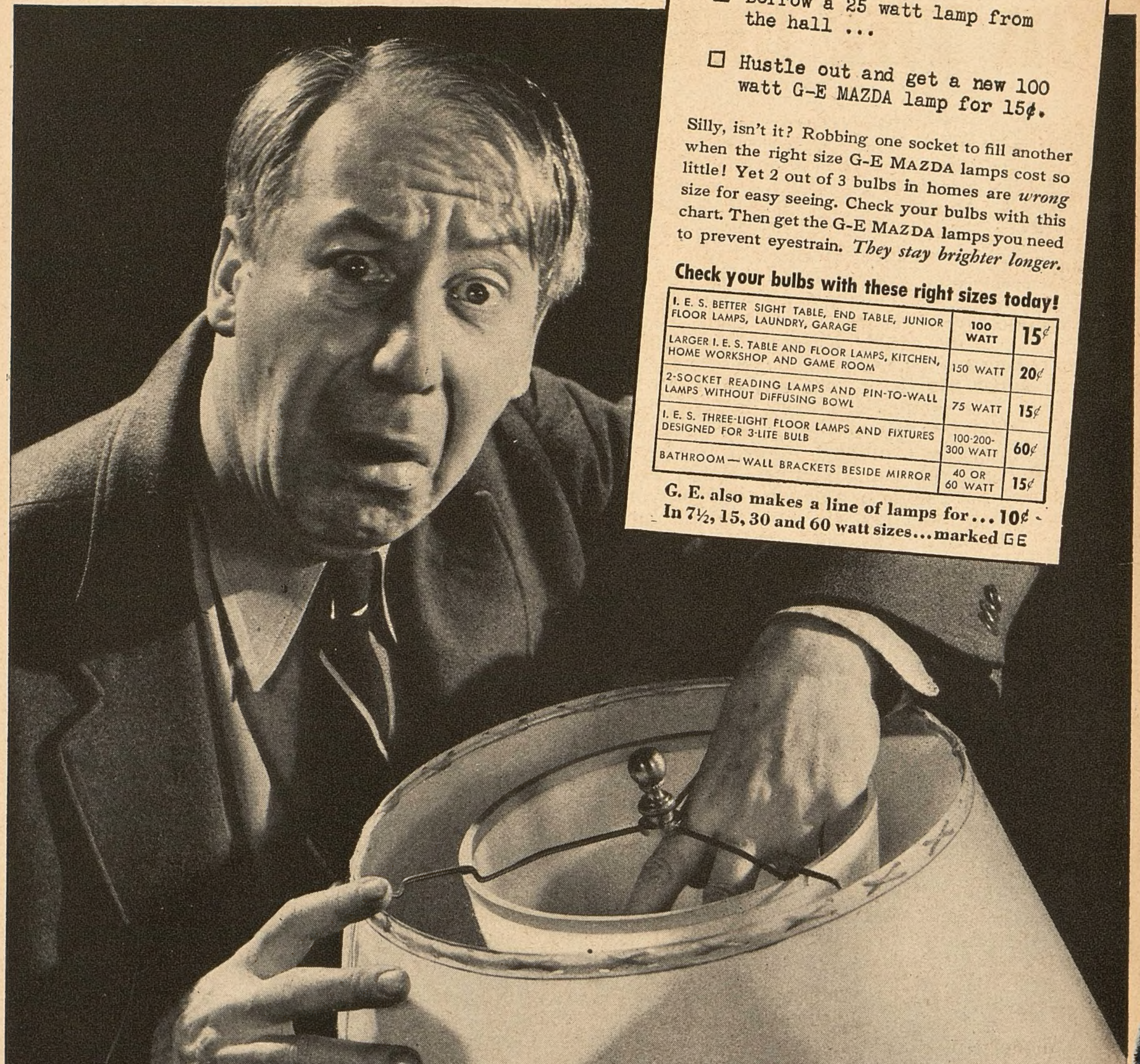
What do you do –

when she swipes the 100 watt bulb out of your reading lamp?



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ALCOHOLICS and GOD

Is there hope for habitual drunkards? A cure that borders on the miraculous—and it works!

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FOR twenty-five or thirty cents we buy a glass of fluid which is pleasant to the taste, and which contains within its small measure a store of warmth and good-fellowship and stimulation, of release from momentary cares and anxieties. That would be a drink of whisky, of course—whisky, which is one of Nature's most generous gifts to man, and at the same time one of his most elusive problems. It is a problem because, like many of his greatest benefits, man does not quite know how to control it.

Many experiments have been made, the most spectacular being the queer nightmare of prohibition, which left such deep scars upon the morals and the manners of our nation. Millions of dollars have been spent by philanthropists and crusaders to spread the doctrine of temperance. In our time, the most responsible of the distillers are urging us to use their wares sensibly, without excess.

But to a certain limited number of our countrymen neither prohibition nor wise admonishments have any meaning, because they are helpless when it comes to obeying them. I speak of the true alcoholics, and before going any further I had best explain what that term means.

For a medical definition of the term, I quote an eminent doctor who has spent twenty-five years treating such people in a highly regarded private hospital:

"We believe . . . that the action of alcohol in chronic alcoholics is a manifestation of an allergy—that the phenomenon of craving is limited to this class and never occurs in the average temperate drinker. These allergic types can never safely use alcohol in any form at all."

They are, he goes on, touched with physical and mental quirks which prevent them from controlling their own actions. They suffer from what some doctors call a "compulsion neurosis." They know liquor is bad for them but, periodically, they are driven by a violent and totally uncontrollable desire for a drink. And after that first drink, the deluge.

Now these people are genuinely sick. The liquor habit with them is not a vice. It is a specific illness of body and mind, and should be treated as such.

By far the most successful cure is that used by the hospital whose head doctor I have quoted. There is nothing secret about it. It has the endorsement of the medical profession. It is, fundamentally, a process of dehydration: of removing harmful toxins from all parts of the body faster than Nature could accomplish it. Within five or six days—two weeks at the maximum—the patient's body is utterly free from alcoholic poisons. Which means that the *physical* craving is completely cured, because the *body* cries out for alcohol only when alcohol is already there. The patient has no feeling of revulsion toward whisky. He simply is not interested in it. He has recovered. But wait. How permanent is his recovery?

Our doctor says this: "Though the aggregate of full recoveries through physical and psychiatric effort is considerable, we doctors must admit that we have made little impression upon the problem as a whole. For there are many types which do not respond to the *psychological* approach.

"I do not believe that true alcoholism is entirely a matter of individual mental control. I have had many men who had, for example, worked for a period of months on some business deal which was to be settled on a certain date. . . . For reasons they could not afterward explain, they took a drink a day or two prior to the date . . . and the important engagement was not even kept. These men were not drinking to escape. They were drinking to overcome a craving beyond their mental control.

"The classification of alcoholics is most difficult. There are, of course, the psychopaths who are emotionally unstable. . . . They are overremorseful and make many resolutions—but never a decision.

"There is the type who is unwilling to admit that he cannot take a drink just like the rest of the boys. He does tricks with his drinking—changing his brand, or drinking only after meals, or changing his companions. None of this helps him strengthen his control and be like other people. Then there are types entirely normal in every respect except in the effect which alcohol has upon them. . . .

"All these, and many others, have one symptom in common: They cannot start drinking without developing the phenomenon of craving. . . . The only relief we have to suggest is complete abstinence from alcohol."

But are these unfortunate people really capable, mentally, of abstaining completely? Their bodies may be cured of craving. Can their minds be cured? Can they be rid of the deadly "compulsion neurosis"?

Among physicians the general opinion seems to be that chronic alcoholics are doomed.

But wait!

Within the last four years, evidence has appeared which has startled hard-boiled medical men by proving that the compulsion neurosis can be entirely eliminated. Perhaps you are one of those cynical people who will turn away when I say that the root of this new discovery is religion. But be patient for a moment.

About three years ago a man appeared at the hospital in New York of which our doctor is head physician. It was his third "cure." Since his first visit he had lost his job, his friends, his health, and his self-respect. He was now living on the earnings of his wife.

He had tried every method he could find to cure his disease: had read all the great philosophers and psychologists. He had tried religion but he simply could not accept it. It would not seem real and personal to him.

He went through the cure as usual, and came out of it in very low spirits. He was lying in bed, emptied of vitality and thought, when suddenly, a strange and totally unexpected thrill went through his body and mind. He called out for the doctor. When the doctor came in, the man looked up at him and grinned.

"Well, doc," he said, "my troubles are all over. I've got religion."

"Why, you're the last man . . ."

"Sure. I know all that. But I've got it. And I know I'm cured of this drinking business for good."

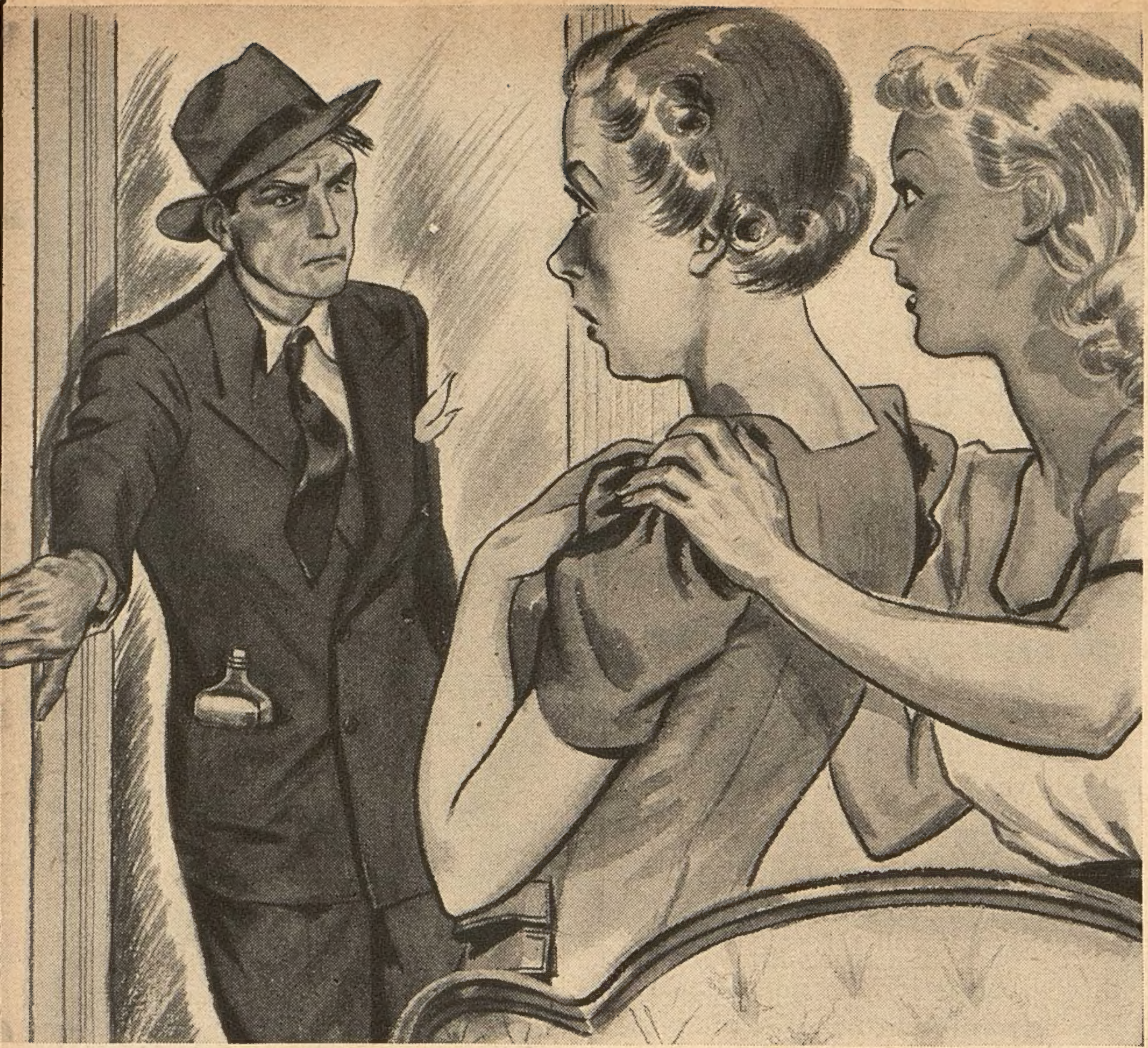
He talked with great intensity for a while and then said, "Listen, doc. I've got to see some other patient—one that is about to be dismissed."

The doctor demurred. It all sounded a trifle fanatical. But finally he consented. And thus was born the movement which is now flourishing with almost sensational success as "Alcoholics Anonymous."

Here is how it works:

Every member of the group—which is to say every person who has been saved—is under obligation to carry on the work, to save other men. That, indeed, is a fundamental part of his own mental cure. He gains strength and confidence by active work with other victims.

He finds his subject among acquaintances, at a "cure" institution, or perhaps by making inquiry of a



" I was a drunken bum of the worst sort. My family was almost crazy."

preacher, a priest, or a doctor. He begins his talk with his new acquaintance by telling him the true nature of his disease and how remote are his chances for permanent cure.

When he has convinced the man that he is a true alcoholic and must never drink again, he continues:

"You had better admit that this thing is beyond your own control. You've tried to solve it by yourself, and you have failed. All right. Why not put the whole thing into the hands of Somebody Else?"

Even though the man might be an atheist or agnostic, he will almost always admit that there is some sort of force operating in the world—some cosmic power weaving a design. And his new friend will say:

"I don't care what you call this Somebody Else. We call it God. But whatever you want to call it, you had better put yourself into its hands. Just admit you're licked, and say, 'Here I am, Somebody Else. Take care of this thing for me.'"

The new subject will generally consent to attend one of the weekly meetings of the movement.

He will find twenty-five or thirty ex-drunks gathered in somebody's home for a pleasant evening. There are no sermons. The talk is gay or serious as the mood strikes.

The new candidate cannot avoid saying to himself, "These birds are ex-drunks. And look at them! They must have something. It sounds kind of screwy, but whatever it is I wish to heaven I could get it too."

One or another of the members keeps working on him from day to day. And presently the miracle— But let me give you an example:

I sat down in a quiet room with Mr. B., a stockily built man of fifty with a rather stern, intelligent face.

"I'll tell you what happened a year ago," he said. "I was completely washed up. Financially I was all right, because my money is in a trust fund. But I was a drunken bum of the worst sort. My family was almost crazy with my incessant sprees.

"I took the cure in New York." (At the hospital we have mentioned.) "When I came out of it, the doctor suggested I go to one of these meetings the boys were holding. I just laughed. My father was an atheist and had taught me to be one. But the doctor kept saying it wouldn't do me any harm, and I went.

"I sat around listening to the jabber. It didn't register with me at all. I went home. But the next week I found myself drawn to the meeting. And again they worked on me while I shook my head. I said, 'It seems O. K. with you, boys, but I don't even know your language. Count me out.'

"Somebody said the Lord's Prayer, and the meeting broke up. I walked three blocks to the subway station. Just as I was about to go down the stairs—bang!" He snapped his fingers hard. "It happened! I don't like that word miracle, but that's all I can call it. The lights in the street seemed to flare up. My feet seemed to leave the pavement. A kind of shiver went over me, and I burst out crying.

"I went back to the house where we had met, and rang the bell, and Bill let me in. We talked until two o'clock in the morning. I haven't touched a drop since, and I've set four other fellows on the same road."

The doctor, a nonreligious man himself, was at first utterly astonished at the results that began to appear among his patients. But then he put his knowledge of psychiatry and psychology to work.

These men were experiencing a psychic change. Their so-called "compulsion neurosis" was being altered —transferred from liquor to something else. Their psychological necessity to drink was being changed to a psychological necessity to rescue their fellow victims from the plight that made themselves so miserable.

IT is not a new idea. It is a powerful and effective working out of an old idea. We all know that the alcoholic has an urge to share his troubles. Psychoanalysts use this urge. They say to the alcoholic, in basic terms: "You can't lick this yourself. Give me the problem—transfer the whole thing to me and let me take the whole responsibility." But the psychoanalyst, being of human clay, is not often a big enough man for that job. The patient simply cannot generate enough confidence in him. But the patient *can* have enough confidence in God—once he has gone through the mystical experience of recognizing God. And upon that principle the Alcoholic Foundation rests.

The medical profession, in general, accepts the principle as sound.

"Alcoholics Anonymous" have consolidated their activities in an organization called the Alcoholic Foundation. It is a nonprofit-making enterprise. Nobody connected with it is paid a penny. It is not a crusading movement. It condemns neither liquor nor the liquor industry. Its whole concern is with the rescue of allergic alcoholics, the small proportion of the population who must be cured or perish. It preaches no particular religion and has no dogma, no rules. Every man conceives God according to his own lights.

Groups have grown up in other cities. The affairs of the Foundation are managed by three members of the movement and four prominent business and professional men, not alcoholics, who volunteered their services.

The Foundation has lately published a book, called Alcoholics Anonymous. And if alcoholism is a problem in your family or among your friends, I heartily recommend that you get hold of a copy. It may very well help you to guide a sick man—an allergic alcoholic—on the way to health and contentment.

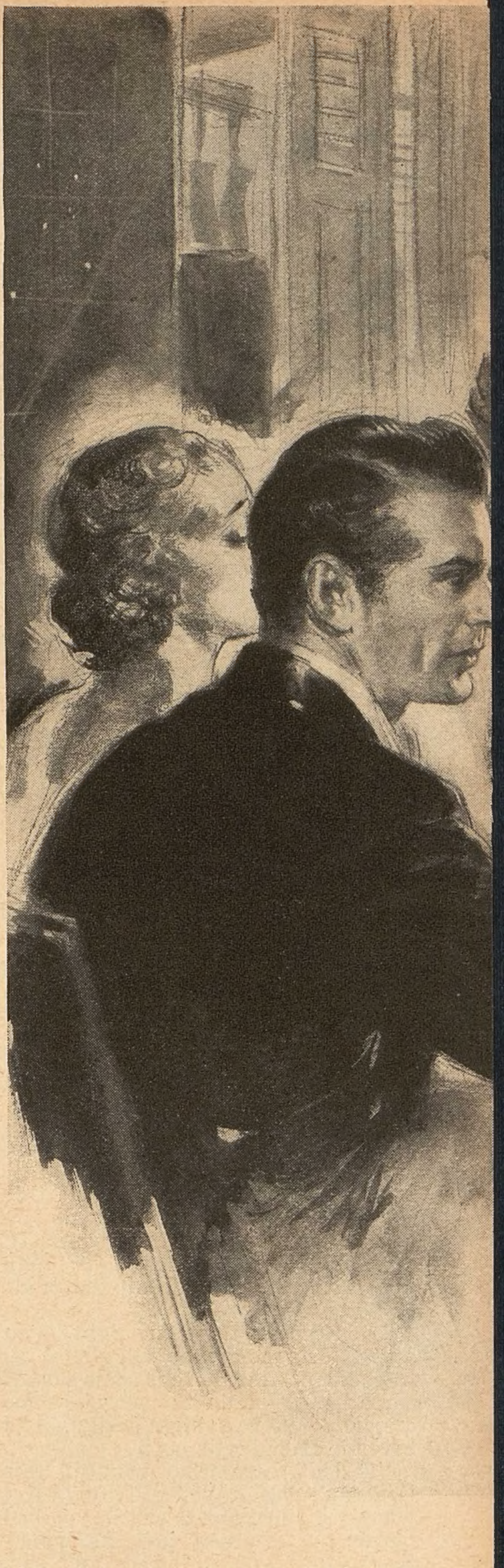
THE END

RAINBOW ROOM

A story that asks what price does a woman have to pay to keep a husband who no longer wants her

BY RITA WEIMAN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



IT would have to be this way! At the instant the spotlight played toward the crooner it would have to hit Lee coming down the curve of steps into the Rainbow Room. And beside him—inevitably—there would be a stunning girl. In the cobweb silver of the spotlight they crossed to a ringside table. The girl's hair was red and Lee's manner was caressing. And Sarah thought, If only I could get out of here before he sees me.

It was elemental, stupid, and Victorian of course. Not at all the way Lee would react.

Should their eyes meet this minute he'd bow with that heigh-ho smile of his and say to the redhead, "What a break! There's the woman who claims to be my wife. Across the room with the man who looks like Gary Cooper. Give her the eye, my sweet. And tell me, aren't you a thousand times more beautiful?" He would press the girl's knee under the table, a touch very delicate and provocative that made a woman realize how delicious his love might be. The girl would turn on the full blaze of green eyes—redheads always had green ones, didn't they?—she would give Lee's wife an incredulous stare and top it with, "Why, Lee dar-ling—whatever did you see in her?" Or words to that effect.

Watching Sarah closely while she watched the pair, the man who looked like Gary Cooper checked off what he saw in the prolonged indifference of her survey. He checked off pride and caution and fear. Very definitely fear! He was accustomed to analyze the "dead-pan" immobility of people who were afraid to let you read their faces. And he decided that Sarah's face was heartbreakingly beautiful. In the path of the spotlight, it had the look of a tragic ivory mask with bakelite black hair and a splash of vermilion lips. The instant he met her—hard to believe it was only a few hours ago—he had guessed that something must be wrong.

Sarah took a deep breath and the bull by the horns. She bowed graciously to Lee before he had time to send the redhead's stare in her direction. She reached for her voice and put it on ice. "There," she informed the man who looked like Gary Cooper, "by the grace of God and coincidence, is my husband."

She watched him concentrate his curiosity on Lee and was glad. It took his attention from her. It gave her opportunity for the space of a second to discipline the jerking muscle near her mouth.

"Past or present?" he inquired finally.

"Past, present. And I might add—future."

"I see. Friendly, modern, and harmless."

"Not any of the three . . . and you don't see."

"And it's none of my business," he supplied with a lift of one eyebrow and a corner of his clean-clipped mouth. "I get you."

"It's your business as much as anybody's," said Sarah, "and it's going to be everybody's soon. Because very shortly I'm to be taken into the public square for as neat a little job of being skinned alive as any taxidermist could accomplish." That twitching muscle!

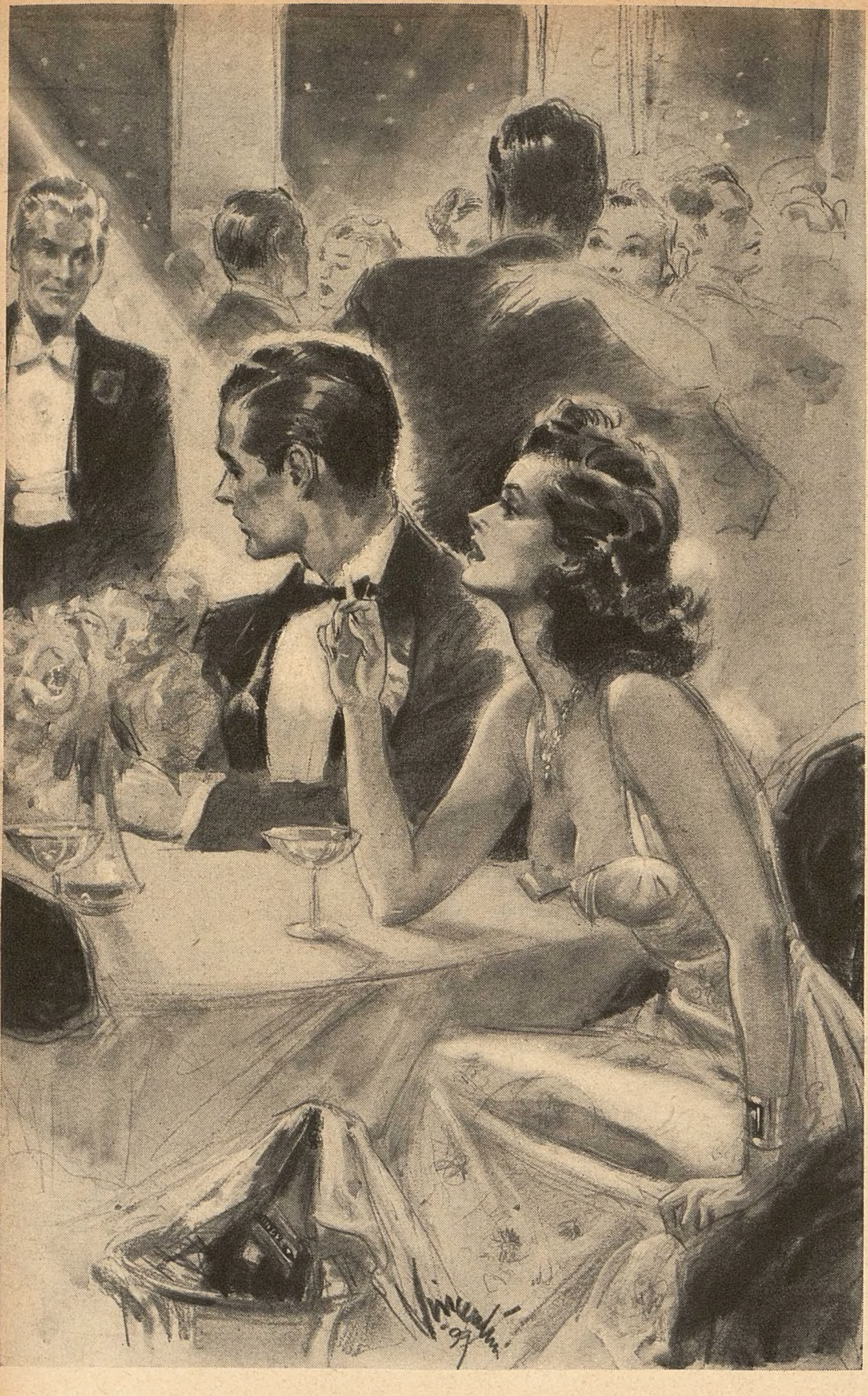
The crooner stepped into the spotlight. He let an inky line of lashes sweep the meerschaum pallor of his cheeks. The floor began to revolve, thus aiding the dancers' impression that they were moving. Saxophone players clung to their notes like drowning men to straws. The latest wow in *corny* ballads swayed insidiously over the throng:

Don't let me make the same mistake
  That I made years ago.
A heart that has been broken
  Cannot stand a second blow.
The prison of my soul was dark,
  I felt that life was o'er,
When suddenly the sunshine of
  Your love unlocked the door.
You ask my all—I can't give less,
  I want a chance at happiness.
Don't let me make the same mistake
  That I made once before.

"Nice little song, don't you think?" Sarah's eyes flared like fires suddenly lighted against a night sky. "Men have been shot for perpetrating less."

"Still," he observed, actually applauding, "you must admit they like it."

He indicated the dancers propped against one another, bare shoulders leaving powder prints on black broadcloth. He motioned to hands straying across table space toward one another. He was smiling his odd smile. It gave his face a curious expression



ILLUSTRATED BY

VINCENTINI

Should she try to escape? That wouldn't do. That would let him know she was afraid.

of one-sided laughter. Sarah couldn't be sure whether he was laughing at her or inviting her to laugh with him.

"Propaganda!" Again her eyes flared and he thought how gorgeously tawny they were in Sarah's mask-white face.

"For what particular racket?" he inquired innocently.

"*Love.*"

"Really," he said. "Really now?"

"Yes—now. Today — and yesterday — and tomorrow. Forever. Love is the most overrated, propagandized fake on earth."

He was strumming on the table:

"You ask my all—I can't give less.
I want a chance at happiness."

"If you want a chance at happiness" . . . Sarah tried to croon mockingly but the last word splintered like glass . . . "don't fall in love. Because falling in love is just that. You keep on falling until you hit bottom."

"You may not know it," he remarked, "but vehemence is immensely becoming to raven-haired women. You're very handsome."

Their hosts, the McElroys, came from the dance floor and Jeanne McElroy dropped down, panting: "Couldn't you just die for Morombo? He sings more sex appeal than Vallee ever had."

Sarah exchanged an I-told-you-so glance with the man who looked like Gary Cooper. She wondered what his name was. Too silly that she didn't know. When they called for her at her hotel, Jeanne had tossed an introduction the way she batted a ping-pong ball. "Sally — Stan. . . . Stan—Sally." By way of further information Jeanne had whispered, "He's Mac's lawyer, unattached and a knockout."

To celebrate Sarah's return from South America they had dined and taken in the most popular musical show in town. Then, of all places, the Rainbow Room, morgue of happy hours, Lee's favorite haunt. How often had she revolved on this floor held in his arms? The golden net of city lights far below, in the distance a necklace of bridges. Dancing with a star among the stars, Lee had called it when he loved her, and had kissed her hair while they danced.

He loved extremes in everything, did Lee. It was the way he got thrills out of life. The sharp impact of the unexpected. As hard as nails physically, and his soul encased like a scarab, Lee was impervious to pain. And so to inflict it on others prodded his curiosity.

He was staring at their table again. She had been anticipating this very thing. Lee would have to find out how she would act, what she would say. He was sharing his intention with the redhead. Sarah could see it in the confidential grin they exchanged and in the girl's eyes, glittering with excitement. And now he got up.

Should she try to escape before he trapped her? That wouldn't do. That would let him know she was afraid.

She smiled angelically. "Lee, how sweet of you!"

Jeanne said "Hello" very gaily. Mac flushed as his wife kicked him and nodded without a word.

Sarah said with a faint smile, "Stan, this is Lee." She had the manner of saying, "Of course, Lee, this man knows all about you," and was pleased to note that Stan acted as though he did.

Lee said to the McElroys, "Don't mind me butting into your party. I haven't seen this lovely lady in six months. You're looking very fit, my dear."

"Feeling tops," Sarah supplied.

. . . I'm a weak fool, she kept telling herself, a damned weak fool. Why can't I carry it off the way he's doing?

Lee asked, " How did you like South America? "

" Romantic. And they still do the rumba. They don't tire of their favorites the way we do."

" Rio's gay. Did they give you a large time? "

" Perfect." If he'd go! If he'd stop smiling! She knew his smile said, " You're scared of me. I'll have everything my way because you still love me. Put up any bluff you like. You won't get away with it."

At last he went back to his table. His companion's full lips parted and her teeth flashed. His smooth gold head bent to her fluffy red, he laughed as he related what had been said. And all the while green eyes gleamed on Sarah like traffic signals.

Hastily Sarah unlocked her hands. The square onyx on one little finger had left a deep red dent. Stan kept looking at her, frowning.

He came around the table. " Shall we dance? " He took Sarah firmly in his arms, more like a prop than the hold of a dancing partner.

She felt helpless and panicked, unable to apologize or explain. It was crazy. And she owed this nice man an apology. Yet an abyss of silence lay between them. She wished he would speak. Her own lips were paralyzed.

WHEN the music stopped he wedged his way through the couples waiting for an encore. " Mrs. Norris is tired," he told the McElroys. " You won't mind if we run along." He piloted her across the dance floor.

Once they were in the taxi Sarah shut her eyes and leaned back. He touched her hand.

" Suppose you tell me what it's all about." His tone was as impersonal as his touch. " Another name for attorney is ' counsel.' That means a confessor, of a kind."

He had a battling jaw. And in the Rainbow Room she had noticed his eyes taking in Lee's perfection from head to foot. He would be a formidable enemy. Mac said they didn't come shrewder. She had put off the fight against Lee as long as she decently could. Always hoping. . . . Well, no matter. Hope was gone now.

" I came home "—her lips curled scornfully around the word—" I came home from South America to put myself in the hands of an attorney as clever as Lee's. Would you . . . ? " She paused. " I'm absolutely broke and I haven't the right to ask you—"

He interrupted, " Has the love racket taken you for a ride? "

" And dumped the body," Sarah murmured.

" You still care, don't you? "

" No."

" Tell me the truth."

" No, I tell you."

" This husband of yours—Lee—? "

" His name is LeGrange Norris. Only son of *the* LeGrange Norrises. A prince of good fellows. Dances the rumba like a dream. Or is the shag the popular thing now? I've been away so long."

" How long? "

" You heard, he hasn't seen me in six months. He walked out on me. He just closed the door one morning and I never saw him again. I never heard from him. I communicated with his family and asked if they knew where I could locate my husband. And I had a letter from a Mr. Canby . . ."

" The law firm of Canby, MacIsaacs & Parish? "

She nodded. " Such a nice letter. So polite. He said there must be some mistake. He said I wasn't Lee's wife and never had been. He said I hadn't the slightest claim on Lee. They—they want to buy me off as if I were his woman. They say that's all I ever was. They say if I don't give in they'll call it blackmail. They're ready to prove we never went through a ceremony."

" Did you? "

She shivered and pulled her short velvet cape tighter. " I thought I did. It was in Mexico. And very informal. And—and we were terribly in love. At least I was. So in love that anything Lee wanted seemed right." Her knees knocked together as if they were joints in wobbly stilts. She could not stop them any more than she could steady the voice that hit against the lump in her throat.

" Don't pay any attention if I get out of control. You're the first person I've talked to about it. . . . You see, I should have known better. I'm one of those self-reliant young New York business women. I had my own shop on Park Avenue. I designed costume jewelry. It was a very modern little shop. Black marble outside. White velvet inside."

" Like you," he remarked irrelevantly.

SHE seemed not to hear. . . . " It was a beautiful spring day, the day my romance began. Lee came in with a lovely blonde who wanted bracelets, earrings, and a necklace to match. I suggested aquamarines because her eyes were that transparent blue. After the jewelry was delivered, he kept dropping in. It may have been the spring. Or perhaps he was just tired of blondes. . . . It wasn't until after he knew I loved him that he mentioned having a wife."

" By any stretch of the imagination, was the wife the blonde? "

" Not by the wildest stretch. He'd been married at nineteen to his cousin. Ten years older and one of the rich Norrises. Lee's branch was hanging to the family tree by a splinter. . . . The marriage was fixed before he left school. That wasn't fair to him, was it? I keep telling myself he got off to a wrong start, dragged into a situation he was too young to handle."

" Was he living with his wife when you met? "

" He said not. I never checked up. I—guess I didn't want to know. I wanted to believe everything he told me. He went to Mexico for a divorce. Then he sent for me and I flew down. We were married in a dot of a town."

" Were there witnesses? "

" I . . . It's stupid, but I don't remember. There was a clerk who made out the certificate. But I've mislaid the certificate and Lee says there never was one. That's what hurts. Why couldn't he come to me and ask to be free? I wouldn't have held him. I'd have let him go then."

" But not now? "

She pulled the chains tighter on her voice. " No. Never. His family threatens all kinds of a mess. But I won't give in. He's got to acknowledge I'm his wife."

" I see." Stan said no more for a moment. " Does he want to go back to the first Mrs. Norris? "

" She's rich. And he's strapped. And I haven't the business any more. I sold out . . ." Sarah paused.

" To pay his debts? "

" No matter why."

THE cab swung around. There was a stab of icy morning air as he helped her out. They stood for a moment in the hotel lobby.

" Please don't be sorry you trusted me," he told her. " Because I'm taking on this case."

Sarah gave a twisted smile. " And I don't even know your name."

" Stan will do. But for purposes of identification, Stanwood Glenn, Madison Avenue, completely and unequivocally at your service."

Sarah snapped open her vanity case. " You understand, I'm doing this the way I do everything. Recklessly, without stopping to consider that there isn't a thing in it for you."

He took her into his confidence with his one-sided grin. " I'd pay for the privilege of a tiff with the Norris attorneys. They're a tricky lot. It's going to be a battle." Then he added seriously, " That's my side. Yours is more risky. A domestic fight in court isn't easy at best. They'll put you on the rack. I've dealt with old Canby before. He stops at nothing. You'll be amazed how many ways he'll find to paint the most innocent events with a tarbrush. You won't know your own past by the time he gets through with it. Are you prepared? Are you willing to face being bullied and humiliated? Can you take it? "

" I can grit my teeth and take anything! "

He gazed down with a queer expression. " Somehow, Sarah, I wish you couldn't."

What did he mean? Did he guess that tonight in the Rainbow Room the old ache had come back full force? You could never lie to him. You'd be cellophane—he'd see straight through you.

In his office the following day she watched him go through the letters from Lee's attorneys. She noticed his hands, long and thin. Hands that didn't seem to fit his driving force. They were incongruously sensitive. They must account for the way he made her open the door of her life with Lee

(Continued on page 12)

What's the Square Thing to Do?

WHEN railroads were the only major form of transportation, regulating interstate commerce meant regulating the railroads and nothing else.

But today, when railroads are only part of a transportation industry, there is before Congress a carefully worked out legislative program designed to correct some of the existing inequalities in that industry.

The general attitude of Congress has been constructive. So has the general attitude of railroad employes. One of the nation's largest farm organizations has gone on record in favor of these laws

The opposition has come largely from groups with special interests, who contend that the changes proposed would be unfair to other forms of transportation.

Now let's see about that:

What is unfair about asking a *whole industry* to abide by the same rules?

The railroads paid for the building of their own "superhighways" of steel—they pay out of their own pockets to maintain them—and they pay taxes on them.

What other form of transportation does these three things?

River barges and boats operate over channels provided for them with taxpayers' money at a cost of from $100,000 to a quarter of a million dollars per mile — *several times what it costs a railroad to build an average mile of line.* And these channels are maintained at an annual cost to taxpayers which far exceeds the cost to railroads of maintaining an average mile of railroad. Barges and boats pay nothing for the use of these channels.

Commercial carriers on the highways do pay something toward the cost of the roads they use—but they use the same roads as 25,000,000 passenger cars whose owners pay most of the cost of building and maintaining the highways.

This is said not in criticism but as a fact which has a bearing on the competition the railroads are called on to meet.

So we come back to the basic question: Is it fair to ask part of an industry to work under rules which do not apply to all parts alike?

A FAIR FIELD—
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR—
IN TRANSPORTATION

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from page 10)

and take out all her broken and tarnished memories.

"Rather a casual wedding, wasn't it?" He shoved the documents in a drawer. "No divorce papers were ever served on the first Mrs. Norris. And you have no marriage certificate. All of which voids a ceremony that would never hold in the State of New York anyway." Balancing a paper cutter across his palm as carefully as if it had been Sarah's future, he asked, "Did you answer these letters?"

"I couldn't."

"Good! Silence always worries people. Now is the time to talk." He pressed a button on his desk. His secretary appeared. He glanced out of the window and began to dictate: "Messrs. Canby, MacIsaacs & Parish. Gentlemen: My client, Mrs. LeGrange Norris, Jr. . . ." The letter was short. It ended: "Any future communications must be sent to my office, addressed to me as Mrs. LeGrange Norris' attorney and sole representative. Very truly . . ."

Sole representative. Stanwood Glenn! Yesterday she had no idea he existed. Today, sole representative. . . .

She wondered if he thought her cheap for going through the ugly publicity of this particular kind of suit. Would he have advised some compromise? But she hadn't asked his advice. She had merely instructed him that she meant to hang on to a man who was through with her. That wasn't pretty, was it? It wasn't a thing that a man could like you for.

There were times when she caught the same speculative look in his eyes that she remembered seeing the night they met. It worried because it puzzled her. In the early morning hours when she tried to read herself to sleep it came suddenly between her and the printed page. Not a critical look. But one asking some question he never put into words. Sometimes he struck her as nothing more than a machine of a man with bronze disks for eyes. A cold crisp hardness in his abrupt way of reporting progress, a voice with a sharp edge: "Old Canby gets me on the phone daily. We've got them guessing. That's good news."

Once he informed her, "Lee Norris tried to see me yesterday. I told him no use; we're not ready to talk just yet."

Sarah hadn't the courage to ask, "Do you hate me for what I'm doing?"

He spent week-ends at a little place he owned on the North Shore of Long Island. He could work there without interruption, he said. Once he asked Sarah if she'd like to drive out for lunch.

They sat on the beach watching the Sound whipped into whitecaps by the stiff autumn breeze. Not another human being was in sight.

"We used to sail around here, Lee and I," Sarah began. "His parents went abroad in the summer and we had their place at Greenwich. We went out in the most terrible storms. We didn't care what kind of weather . . ." She halted and looked at him.

He picked up a bit of flotsam and chucked it in the waters. His silence was almost sullen.

"You think I'm pretty low, Stan, don't you?" she went on. "And maybe I am."

"What I think doesn't matter particularly. I'm here to carry out your orders."

"I wish I could make you understand."

"I understand all right," he said tersely. "I'll win this case for you. You'll be Mrs. Lee Norris the rest of your days. Is that enough? Is that what you want—a husk of love?"

"I want my self-respect again. I want . . ."

He wheeled around. "Sarah, take out that powder box of yours and look in the glass. Your eyes are a dead giveaway. All the alibis you hand yourself aren't worth a damn. Answer me this: If I can make him beg you to take him back, will you?"

"Do you think I want a man who walked out on me?" she evaded.

"Never mind what I think." Stan put both hands on her shoulders and forced her around so that their eyes met. "Foolish child!" he said softly. "Silly little girl, whistling in the dark. Ask yourself what you'd do if he came to you tonight and begged to be taken back. The way you want him to, pleading for your love. You wouldn't consider pride or anything else. You'd close your eyes to the past. And open your arms."

Sarah struggled to free herself. His grip tightened. "What is the secret of his hold? He's handsome, but that can't be all. Tell me. It's worth keeping on record."

His voice had the crack of a whip, as though he had a witness on the stand and must drive through lies. His eyes held Sarah's until she saw him blurred. She looked out at the churning waters until she could see clearly again and could turn and look at him.

"I don't know—I don't know what his hold is."

Abruptly his hands dropped from her shoulders. "Come to my office Monday. I'll have him there. We'll frame him, Sarah. Don't be surprised at anything I may say. No matter how crazy-wild it sounds. . . . You said love is a racket. We'll frame him to give you what you want. To give you happiness."

On Monday, when Stan's secretary turned in the corridor and ventured, "I hope you won't mind hearing how lovely you look this morning," Sarah thought how startled the girl would be to know that her perfect marble whiteness covered the ravages of sleeplessness and her perfect composure concealed a trembling that made her insides gelatin.

The girl opened Stan's doors. Sarah went in. Lee's favorite perfume swayed from her like scent from a lily pond, and Lee's preference for her in black marked her costume from the top of an absurdly tilted small hat to the tips of her spike-heeled pumps.

A large fat man who was lolling in one of the armchairs propelled himself to his feet.

"I don't believe you've met Mrs. Norris, Mr. Canby." Stan presented them and Mr. Canby's bald pate went a violent red.

Sarah waited an instant before turning to Lee. For herself or for him, she could not tell. She knew only that in the brief space life spun like a top. . . . This was her inning, wasn't it? This was the moment she had been longing for. The night at the Rainbow Room he had taken her by surprise. Today the shoe was on the other foot. Obviously he and his attorney had been given the impression that the conference was to be with Stan alone.

"Hello, Lee," she said.

Lee came over to her. He held out his hand. Lee's touch had always been warm and enclosing and in it resistance wilted like a flower caught in a sirocco. Then he offered her a cigarette, struck a match and cupped it while his eyes measured hers. A jaunty glance, mocking, self-confident.

For her ears alone he murmured, "If you can stand vivisection by these

ATTORNEY FOR THE PEOPLE

The Life Story of

THOMAS E. DEWEY

Told by George Washington's Great Biographer

RUPERT HUGHES

In a recent poll made by Dr. Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion, 52 per cent of the people questioned said—if the election were held right now—they would vote for Dewey for President; 48 per cent said they would vote for Roosevelt. Who is this man Dewey? Well, we all know, of course, in a general way. But do we know the intimate details of his life, his career, his character? That is what Rupert Hughes gives us in his brilliant biography of Dewey, which starts in Liberty October 21.

"Must" reading for every good American

two bozos, I can." He grinned at her.

Stan stepped from behind his desk and pushed forward a chair. Dropping into it with the indifference of a guest at a tea party, Sarah had a mad impulse to grab his arm, to hang on grimly. She had a sick feeling of sinking.

He went back to the desk and suggested in the most friendly tone, "Now that we're together, it might be a good idea to clear up this whole unpleasant business. I'm sure Mrs. Norris is quite as anxious as you gentlemen to reach some satisfactory adjustment."

Mr. Canby picked up his hat and motioned to Lee. "I regret that anything my client has to discuss can only embarrass this lady."

Now Stan leaned across the desk and, although his tone was still velvet, his gaze locked them in a cell. "I advise you not to postpone the interview. Because my purpose in asking you here was to inform Mr. Norris that if he continues to disclaim this lady as his lawful wife he will force us to proceed with his arrest on a charge of bigamy."

Lee's tongue slid over his lips. "Bigamy?" And he repeated, "Bigamy! You must be crazy!"

No, Sarah thought, no—this is all wrong. This isn't what I want. Let them go! This is hateful. Lee's face—so flabby. Like rubber. As if you could squeeze it into any expression you liked.

Stan addressed the other man. "If, as you claim, the divorce was illegal, then your client deliberately took a second wife while still married to his first. . . . There can be no question that a second ceremony was gone through. I recently located the clerk who witnessed it and I stand ready to produce him."

Mr. Canby was cool and contemptuous as he retorted, "Swearing out a warrant on an unfounded bigamy charge smells of blackmail, Mr. Glenn. It's a dangerous experiment neither you nor your client can afford."

"It's logic we're ready to test in open court before any judge. Unless, of course, Mr. Norris has another more acceptable suggestion."

Lee made an impatient gesture. He wet his lips once more and said in a small voice, "Why all the fuss?" His eyes settled on Sarah. They crept over her. . . . "I'm willing to take Sarah back. That's that."

Something shrank inside her, as if the springs of her being were drying up. Those eyes were like insects she wanted to brush away. She had never seen him as she saw him now. She had never seen him at all. Not this man who wore his jauntiness like his short-waisted long-legged clothes. His mouth was loose and sagged because Stan had actually frightened him out of his wits. He didn't seem real to her, standing there. It didn't seem possible she had felt terror when he crossed the dance floor, or that through all these months the thought of him had brought an ache of longing. . . .

"I won't allow you to rush into anything," Canby was saying. "Don't let yourself be hoodwinked by threats."

Lee turned on his adviser like a petulant boy. "What kind of an ass do you take me for? I happen to want Sally. Get that! I knew it when I saw her weeks ago. If I make up my mind to take her back, what've you got to say about it?"

Sarah gripped the chair arms. She sent an imploring glance to Stan who had made this moment of victory possible. He wasn't looking at her. He wasn't looking at anybody. He was balancing a paper knife across his palm, as on her first visit.

Canby warned Lee, "Don't be a confounded idiot."

But Lee moved closer. Now he was possessive. He was sure. "Come on, girl. Let's forget it and start over."

Sarah made no reply. Only a prayer came from the depths of her, "O God, You're giving me something I don't want. I don't want him. I never want to see him again." Then she found her voice and her answer came low but clear. "You don't understand. I couldn't go back to you. That's all done. It's gone. It's dead."

The paper knife clattered to the desk. Stan's eyebrows shot up. "Well, this is news. However, Mr. Norris must admit that he accepts full responsibility for having married you. We can't let him off otherwise."

"I don't want to be let off!" Lee shouted. "I've got something to say about this."

Sarah shook her head. "No, Lee, I'm afraid you haven't." And she turned to Stan. "I want to drop the case. I'll leave everything to you. If it can be arranged I'd like to go away somewhere and get a quiet divorce. There won't be any court fight. And I don't want any money. I just want to be free. . . ."

THEY were in the Rainbow Room once more and the lazy-voice crooner was chanting:

"You ask my all—I can't give less.
I want a chance at happiness."

"I don't suppose," Sarah mused—"I don't suppose that Lee was ever very different from what he is now. It's only that I saw him differently."

Stan laughed. "I staked a lot on that. I staked losing you before I got you. Can I have you, Sarah? You can't possibly know how much I love you."

The floor revolved. The dancers were held close in each other's arms.

"So strange—" Sarah's hand stole across the table, "so absolutely insane, believing that he could mean anything to me when I had you, your strength and your understanding. . . ."

"And my love. From the first night we were here and you hated the whole world."

"Today, when I saw you together, I knew what a fool I'd been. Dear, will you forgive me for being such a fool?"

"Darling," Stan murmured and pulled his chair around to hers. "My darling . . ." He got up and took her in his arms and they glided out on the floor.

"Don't let me make the same mistake
That I made once before"

moaned the crooner.

THE END

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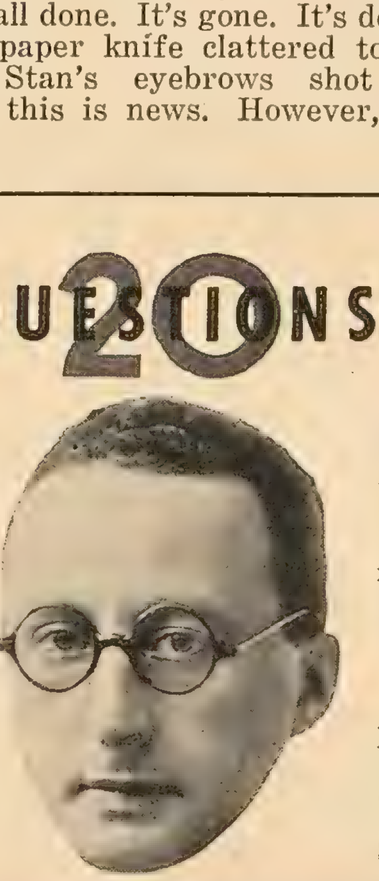
20 QUESTIONS

1—The whole world sings the songs he writes. This master of modern harmony is a native of New York City who began his career as a composer in England. His successes have included such shows as Very Good Eddie, Sunny, Show Boat, and many others. Who is pictured in this early photograph?



2—If you shoot a melanistic duck this fall, what color will it be?

3—Where are the 1940 Olympic Games scheduled to be held?

4—What states bound Arkansas?

5—Whom did Admiral Nelson defeat at Trafalgar?

6—What is the difference in the movement of cyclones in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres?

7—Where did calico get its name?

8—What bivalve gets a four months' vacation every year?

9—What is the arrangement of dots and dashes that constitutes an S O S, the international distress signal?

10—If you continue to the bitter end, where does it lead to?

11—What branch of the United States military service has the motto Semper Fidelis?

12—What does the name of the President's boat, the Amberjack, mean?

13—How are canaries useful in mines?

14—In what project did an American army engineer succeed after the French had failed?

15—Who succeeded Paul V. McNutt as High Commissioner of the Philippines?

16—What are the four cardinal points?

17—Who was the "hero of Tannenberg"?

18—Between what states is the Bonneville Dam located?

19—What is solidified carbon dioxide commonly called?

20—Who was Vice-President of the United States from 1925 to 1929?

(*Answers will be found on page 49*)

SHALL WE FIRE THE MARRIE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY all means!

Go ahead and fire the married women, we say—

Provided you fire every man with income sufficient to support his family—and we did not say in *comfort;*

Provided you fire every younger man whose father could manage to support him;

Provided you fire every unmarried woman who has a working father, mother, brother, or sister on whose earnings she could live;

Provided you give lesser jobs to bachelors who have not the income requirements of heads of families.

Absurd? No! Consistent. Carry to its logical conclusion the argument given to exclude married women from jobs. What are they saying, these backers of the appalling flood of new legislation against the right of married women to work? They say if the husbands are earning any sort of meager salary at all, the women are taking bread from the mouths of the needy by working themselves. They say *they are taking jobs from men.*

Are they? In a minute we'll see that they are not. But of even greater seriousness than this charge is the threat to the whole fabric of democracy. Equal opportunity, equal chance of getting ahead. On what basis should jobs be given? For need or for merit?

For need, is the apparent answer of these men (and some women too!) who are standing up in state legislatures all over the country and trying to solve unemployment by throwing women out of work. *For need?* Then here is the picture:

Men with nine children would get better paying positions than men with only five. Men with two would be way down the scale, just a shade above the man with merely a wife on his hands. And bachelors could be picked out anywhere by the simple, unimportant, modest-paying little jobs they held.

The minute a nation says, "This one may be employed. . . . This one may not be employed" (and we are talking about adults), that nation is headed straight for dictatorship. Our country hasn't come to it yet. But with the attacks by states' legislatures on the married woman's right to work for pay, we're heading in that direction.

If the women of America had any idea of what's being perpetrated against them by today's lawmaking bodies, there would be scores of marches on state capitals.

What's going on? At this very minute in forty states women cannot teach school if they are married. Bills to prohibit or restrict the right of married women to be employed have been introduced in fifteen state legislatures: California, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Utah, Washington, and Wisconsin. And the line-up is changing so fast that new states are being added constantly.

This battle against women is all the more sinister because it is being fought so quietly. But it's a long shot from being won!

Business and professional women, state and civic women employees all over the country are rising in arms. The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, one of the most powerful spokesmen in America for employed women, is calling upon all American women to mobilize for a fight to the finish. This organization, 70,000 strong and with over 1,000 working units, is working day and night to keep women from losing in a year what they struggled a hundred years to win. The Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has also thrown itself headlong into the fray.

How do these bills read that strike at the married woman?

Many of them are aimed straight at women in public service.

One says that a married woman cannot be employed by a state government unless her husband is totally and permanently disabled. . . . Another demands immediate dismissal of a married woman whose husband is employed and earns as much as $1,500. . . . A third makes $800 the dead line instead of $1,500. . . . A number of bills provide for instant resignation of a young woman about to commit matrimony—or else! Schoolteachers by the thousand are being dismissed because their husbands are employed.

A call to arms! Squelch the prejudice, increasing, unjust, against these women who must work

But worse news is to come. This legislation against married women has begun to spread from public to private employment. Take the case of California. That state forbids *any married person* whose spouse earns more than $150 a month in either *public or private employment* to take any sort of position. And nine times out of ten it's the wives who lose the jobs.

But married women are taking jobs from men. Are they?

About 11,000,000 women in the United States are gainfully employed. Three million of them are married. Let's fire the 3,000,000 married women and see if we have 3,000,000 jobs for unemployed men.

The plain fact is that jobs don't swap. Over a million of the married women are engaged in domestic or personal service. Would firing half a million cooks help half a million stevedores? One fifth of the women are in manufacturing. That sounds like a possible help, firing them. The catch is that they do not do the same things in industry as the men. In shoes, for example, the women do the stitching, the men the cutting, lasting, and putting on of heels and soles. Several million jobless men are experienced only in the heavy industries—steel, lumber, iron, machinery, furniture. What group of women could be fired to take care of them?

Women sell, and so do men. But women sell notions and women's wear, while men sell automobiles, farm machinery, hardware, groceries.

But aside from this little matter of many women's jobs not fitting men, if we fire our 3,000,000 working married women, an appalling wake of calamity would follow. Boys and girls would be taken from schools and colleges. Dependents would be thrown on relief. People living in five rooms would have to live in two. Children would be undernourished, deprived of weeks in the sunshine. The standard of living of 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons would have to be lowered.

Why do married women work? Any one who thinks they work because it's a lark to get up early every morning and go to some one's office or some one's kitchen is misinformed. The statistics point out that more than 90 per cent of the married women work because of stark necessity.

Here is the kind we have met:

Martha M.'s husband lost his position two years ago. Martha got back her old position, and on her thirty dollars a week the family—Martha, her husband, and two sons—lived. Now her husband has a small position, but Martha continues to work. Two pay envelopes in one home? Surely. And they total just $2,000 annually.

But *two* pay envelopes! That's what the war is all about. Yet Mary Anderson, head of the Women's Bureau of the Labor Department, says, "If it is wrong for husband and wife to work for a combined income of $2,000 or $2,500, then is it right for other families to receive $5,000 or $10,000 where the wife does not have to work?"

BY CLARA BELLE THOMPSON an

WOMEN?

FLOHERTY JR

When her wedding ring loses a woman her job, the whole fabric of democracy is threatened.

In short, have a married couple as much right to get ahead *together* as an individual?

Have they even a right to marry? Helen H. and Harvey had been engaged for two years. They wanted to marry. But Helen had the responsibility of an invalid mother, and Harvey had two younger brothers. Finally they married on the only sound basis they could—two breadwinners in the family.

Marry and keep on working, or not to marry is a Hobson's choice for hundreds of thousands of girls. It is the rare son who delays marriage because of home responsibilities. But daughters are doing it every day of their lives. And daughters are also marrying, knowing that they must continue to earn and still be the mainstay of the family at home.

So add *this* to your list of disaster that would follow if 3,000,000 married women were fired tomorrow: Twice 3,000,000 persons would be reduced to want or go on relief. For over 48 per cent of these working married women have dependents—in some cases as many as eight. And the other 52 per cent, with few exceptions, are solely responsible for their own living.

But that does not give the complete picture. In addition to this vast army of children, brothers, sisters, mothers, aunts, these 3,000,000 employed married women have an even larger army of *unseen* dependents. Business men, please note. These are the laundries, the bakeries, the garment makers, all the doers of domestic deeds that are now performed outside the house, and which formerly were performed within it. Upon the ability of married women workers to raise family living standards much of the prosperity of these consumer industries depends.

There's a law against it. Against what? Against married women taking civil service examinations! Actually, the bill has not gone through. But it will, if certain sponsors have their way. Why waste millions of taxpayers' dollars on educating and training young women?

One married woman worker had the right answer. Dr. Caroline F. Ware, associate professor of history at Vassar, was asked to give several summer courses at the University of Wyoming. But when the authorities of the university learned that she had a right to *Mrs.* before her name, they wired her posthaste that all was off.

But she wired too. "I intend to fight," she said. "You and your trustees are an educational institution, not a relief organization. Your responsibility is to the boys and girls who come to you for training, not to the state's unemployed." A strange situation for Wyoming, the first state to adopt suffrage for women, the first to elect a woman governor!

A STRANGE and anomalous situation for the whole United States. Are the millions invested in training young women for careers wasted? Or must the ladies make their choice—a husband or a job? But many young men do not earn enough to marry unless their wives can also contribute. So the choice would often be simply job and spinsterhood. Is the ban on marriage or is the ban on the job?

Nature is not so naïve. All the legislating in the world cannot change her. That's what they learned before they repealed Section 213 of the National Economy Act of 1932. Section 213 provided that husbands and wives could not both hold positions in the government. So young men and women employed by the government lived together without marriage.

Loose living and immorality always follow in the wake of bans against marriage. The Oregon Supreme Court has already set itself on record. It declared a law against married women teachers as *unconstitutional.* Massachusetts also declared unconstitutional a law against married women working on state jobs.

Has America led thus far, only to have a new dictatorship cry: "Woman's place is in the home! That will solve unemployment"?

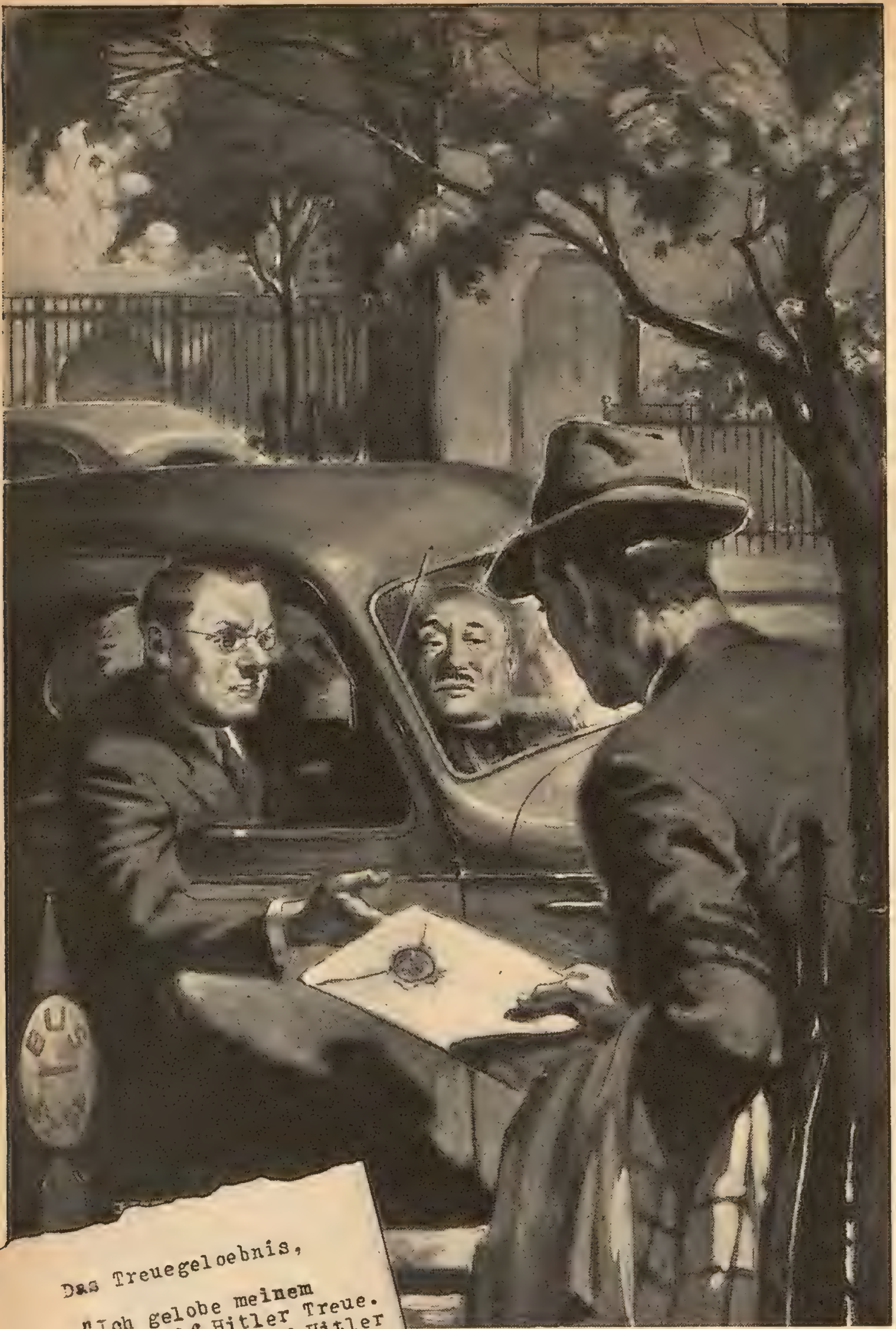
Of course men ought to earn enough to support their wives. Of course there ought to be enough jobs to go around. And of course all wives should decide for themselves whether they want to work outside of their homes. But while all these beautiful dreams are still in embryo, it is most unsportsmanlike to blame married women workers for any part of this unemployment for which they are completely nonresponsible.

Certainly a married woman's place is in her home. But she has to have a home in which to stay.

THE END

ARGARET LUKES WISE

I JOINED THE BUND



"Fritz Kuhn pushed his head through the open window and tersely commanded me to hand him the big envelope."

Das Treuegeloebnis,

"Ich gelobe meinem Fuehrer Adolf Hitler Treue. Ich verspreche Adolf Hitler und den von ihm bestellten, mir bekannten oder durch ihre Abzeichen erkennbaren Vorgesetzten Achtung und Gehorsam und verpflichte mich, alle Befehle unverdrossen und gewissenhaft zu vollziehen, da ich weiss, dass meine Fuehrer nichts Ungesetzliches von mir fordern.

THE BUND STORM TROOPER'S OATH

Translation: "The Pledge of Fidelity. 'I pledge faithfulness to my leader Adolf Hitler. I promise to Adolf Hitler and to those appointed by him, known to me or recognized by their insignia, respect and obedience, and I pledge myself to execute all orders without hesitation and with the utmost care, since I know that my leaders do not demand anything unlawful of me.' "

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

LIBERTY'S reporter joined the Bund in Yorkville, a German-American section of Manhattan Island. As he explained in last week's issue, he is German-born, knows the methods of international spies, and speaks several languages. He had presented himself in Yorkville as an immigrant in need of work, and had been looked over by one Ernst, a Bund lieutenant, who had guided him in getting a job. As an applicant for membership, his formal pledge was merely to the Bund itself, but when made a Bund Storm Trooper he was required to swear allegiance to Adolf Hitler.

His first Storm Troop assignment was to stand guard on a street in Hoboken during an exchange of spies: a Gestapo agent arriving from Berlin, and a courier leaving for Germany as a sailor. Soon afterward he was one of Bund Leader Fritz Kuhn's armed bodyguards during an evening. He saw Kuhn hand his briefcase to another guard, to be taken circuitously to the office of the German consulate general.

PART TWO—PLANS FOR A REIGN OF TERROR

YOU know of Uncle Sam's military academy at West Point. You know of his naval academy at Annapolis. But have you heard of a certain military academy in the U. S. A. where Adolf Hitler's American Army of Occupation is trained in the grim business of war? It is at Thompson, Connecticut. As a member of the German-American Bund I took a course in military training at this privately owned armory.

It is significant but not strange that this school is located on the estate of Count Anastase Vonsiatsky, a White Russian and reputed leader of the Russian Fascists in America. The Fascist count and the German-American Fuehrer, Fritz Kuhn, are the best of pals. You may recall having read newspaper accounts not so long ago of how, following a week-end visit with the count, Herr Kuhn got into a tangle with the law at Webster, Massachusetts, when he swore at the wrong policeman and almost landed in the local hoosegow. Kuhn was then on his way to a meeting of another Russian Fascist group.

The count is one of the most honored and most discussed members of the German-American Bund. He is a favorite topic of conversation at the Café Hindenburg and other cafés on Eighty-sixth Street in Manhattan's Yorkville section. Here are the wildest stories told about him: That he was a close friend of the Czar. How, once, he led a handful of White Russians straight through hundreds of Red bayonets in Lenin Square. Of his political intrigues in Russia. Of the fabulous wealth which came under his control when he married the elderly former Mrs. Marion Ream Stephens, said to be heiress to $50,000,000.

It goes without saying that Vonsiatsky's armory at Thompson is only

Liberty asked the author to get inside facts about the pseudo-Americans who swear allegiance to Hitler

Hour photo

A detail of the Bund arsenal on the estate of Count Anastase Vonsiatsky.

Bund Leader Kuhn at the boiling point before the Dies Committee in August.

for those whose Nazi loyalty has been weighed in the balance and found sufficient. I was therefore deemed highly honored when I was chosen for the intensive training afforded by this sub-rosa institution.

My orders were handed me by the Russian-born secretary general of the Bund, James Wheeler-Hill, second in command in America to Fritz Kuhn himself. These orders were very simple. I was told to conceal my uniform in a suitcase, when to leave, and to recognize no one on the train. Obviously others had the same orders, as I saw many of my brothers of the Bund who treated me as a stranger. Others went up by motorcars and joined us at the academy.

I was amazed that such a military institution should be permitted to flourish so openly, so brazenly. I heard that Vonsiatsky at one time had machine guns for training purposes, but was forced to get rid of them. However, we did have rifles and plenty of ammunition and we had target practice hours at a time.

I should say the estate where I was trained comprises about 260 acres. Aside from a private golf course, it appears to be devoted to farming. There is a rambling farmhouse with numerous outbuildings. To the casual caller, to the ordinary visitor, the "armory" from outside appears to be nothing more than a huge farm barn.

All in all, the place, with its shaded drives, beautiful old trees, and picturesque New England setting, is a most pleasant gentleman's estate. Passing motorists see nothing to suggest the grim business which goes on within its grounds.

At night ferocious dogs, specially trained, rove the premises, particularly around the "armory." They are great savage beasts and I was glad that they were safely housed while I was there. They are kept in the kennels when Bund members are there in training. We were the watchdogs, doing sentry duty with loaded rifles.

We learned the German goose step and paraded past Vonsiatsky and Kuhn, who stood on a raised platform, their arms held out in the Hitler salute. But there were more than parades. We sent bullets screaming from the barrels of Krupp blue rifles. We were decorated for our marksmanship, just as in the army. Our bayonets tore at straw-stuffed effigies to our shrill cries of "Heil Hitler!" We "walked post" at night, careful that an *Oberleutnant* did not catch us napping. We staged night raids and simulated warfare in the most approved training fashion.

And always we shot on the rifle range. *We shot at targets made to resemble Stalin and other present Russian leaders*, which gave the count a great deal of amusement.

A part of our curriculum was Hitler's Mein Kampf. But Vonsiatsky's private armory is not the only place where Mein Kampf is used as a textbook for the education of Bund members. There are many of them. Let us take, for example, Camp Nordland, near Andover, New Jersey, of which one Herr K—— is the head.

An interesting person, this K——, with an interesting history, considering his present status. To tell you about him, I must go back to the spring of 1921, when a low-swung motorcar pushed its long black nose up a muddy road in Upper Silesia. Inside the car, curtained to protect its occupants from a drizzling rain, were several members of the Black Reichswehr. One of them was K——. He and his companions were likewise members of an inner, secret organization known as the Holy Feme. One man in this automobile was not a member of the Holy Feme. He was the one who did not come back. His name was Wilms, son of a Protestant minister. They later found him with a bullet in his back. He was said to have been a Polish spy.

K—— was forced to flee from Germany. He took refuge in Canada, but was later extradited and taken back to Germany. There he was tried for political murder, convicted, and sentenced to death. His lawyers found a loophole. Through the Canadian authorities, they raised the point that, as he had been extradited on a charge of common crime only, his trial on the more serious charge of political murder had been illegal. President von Hindenburg decided that this contention had to be upheld, and the prisoner was released and returned to Canada. Later he came to the United States, and now he is the prominent youth educator and member of the Bund at Camp Nordland in New Jersey.

I took good care to look him over. He hadn't changed much, though he seemed better fed and better groomed. I heard him talk to German-American youths. I heard from his lips the "moral" and "spiritual" lessons expounded in Mein Kampf. I heard him tell young German-Americans that he (K——) was an example for them to follow, and that Hitler was their spiritual God.

Youth education in Bund camps follows one general pattern. The American flags are for the newsreels and photographers. Hitlerism is the keynote—the Hitlerism which opposes the American melting pot; the Hitlerism which says that wherever and in whatever country there treads a German boot, that ground is German territory and subject to Nazi regulations and laws.

This so-called educational work among the young started under the Friends of New Germany before the Bund came into existence. The system has not changed much, nor has the ideology. It has been improved upon, however. I have a list of 171 boys educated in camps in 1934. To my knowledge, for I have checked this list, most of these are now full-fledged members of the Bund and many of them are American Storm Troopers.

Youths are not only receiving physical training but training in Nazi ideology through that great textbook, Mein Kampf. The "youth movement" is taken as seriously here as it is in Nazi Germany. In fact, practically every German ship brings in agents sent over to educate the Bund camp educators. I narrowly escaped being an "educator" in the Bund myself.

One of my duties for a time was the distribution of Nazi propaganda material, which was sent us in vast quantities. Most of this printed material came from the publishing house of U. Bodung Verlag in Erfurt, Germany. Erfurt is one of the centers for distributing Nazi propaganda abroad and is the seat and headquarters of the Anti-Semitic International. Erfurt is also the center of the Nazi spy service. The firm of U. Bodung Verlag is the official publishing house of all literature pertaining to the Anti-Semitic International.

Hour photo

Count Vonsiatsky in his Connecticut home, where the Bund's Storm Troopers get military training.

Only recently I learned that U. Bodung Verlag are printing an encyclopedia in several volumes containing the names and connections of all Jews of importance and friends of Jews throughout the world. I anticipate that when this work reaches the United States, it will create much interest and excitement.

The "life stories" presented in this encyclopedia are handled with typical Nazi brutality and disregard of the truth. Of course these books will not be offered for sale generally; the prospective purchaser must make a sworn statement that he is a pure Aryan, with no "taint" of Jewish or colored blood; and that he is purchasing the books for his private use only and not for the use of any other person. He must be "highly recommended" and must agree to send the publishers such knowledge as he may have or acquire concerning Jews or friends of Jews.

Observe that every purchaser of this encyclopedia must promise to act as agent for the Anti-Semitic International. But there is another and even more dangerous side. Innocent people may easily be discredited and German-American Bund members may wreak vengeance on personal enemies or even business competitors. I cannot—at least, not at this time—even hint as to how I obtained proof sheets of pages or indexes C and D, but I did, and recognized the names of many famous Americans. One of them is General Charles Dawes. I am sure that this distinguished American will not be flattered when he reads his "biography" in these books.

As distributor of propaganda material I naturally became familiar with many propaganda activities which would escape the average member. The Anti-Semitic International is directly connected with the Welt-Dienst, meaning World Service, an organization which publishes anti-Semitic and other Nazi propaganda in every language from Bantu to English. Weekly bulletins or publications are numerous and are sent to this country in vast quantities. The larger shipments come in through German diplomatic pouches and through Bund affiliates, and finally are distributed by Bund members. Here we have the direct connection between the German-American Bund in New York, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other places, and Erfurt, Germany, Nazi spy and propaganda headquarters.

Another organization active in American propaganda is the Fichte-Bund, called the Union for World Veracity. It supplies pamphlets printed in many languages, distributed by the hundred thousand through the Bund and its affiliates. Fritz Kuhn will deny, of course, that there is any connection between his Bund and Nazi Germany. He will deny this while wrapping the Stars and Stripes about his shoulders. But I have many pamphlets taken from his Bund meetings, and they were all printed in Germany by official propaganda publishers and they reached us through Herr Goebbels' efficient organization.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

Once inside the Bund ranks, I naturally proceeded carefully. Dutiful application to my "work" had elevated me to the exalted Storm Troopers, but I was not satisfied with this. The only way to learn all that could be learned was to earn a position of trust and to cultivate influential members. To my earlier mentor, Ernst, I appealed for a change of employment. I did not mind the hard work in the delicatessen, but the hours did not leave me enough time for Bund activities.

Ernst took me to an employment agency in Yorkville, and the following week I was given a job in a store selling radios, gramophones and records, German records mostly.

In the meantime I applied myself to an English dictionary and an encyclopedia. This, I told Ernst, was for the purpose of mastering English as rapidly as possible. Little by little, at the Café Hindenburg or the Lorelei Restaurant across the street, I let it become known that in Sudetenland I had had a better than average education and admitted some knowledge of the French and Polish languages. This learning somehow, in Yorkville, set me apart. Ernst became increasingly proud of his protégé and I made a valuable friend in Karl S., who had been doing "special duty" as a Storm Trooper for a number of years. Soon thereafter I was considered one of the "veterans" of the Bund.

Through one of my "special duty" assignments I learned of the clever scheme which the Gestapo has worked out, not only for adding to its own wealth of information throughout the world, but for keeping track of the activities of German salesmen traveling abroad.

Before a salesman can leave the fatherland he must fill out a green ticket, stating his destination, the name of the first hotel at which he will stop, etc. Travelers are instructed to contact the local Nazi Party office immediately upon arrival, or, if there be none, then the nearest German consular office. The Gestapo has its own good reasons for having these German citizens watched while in this country. Naturally, loyal Bund members are used for this sort of spying.

"Special duty" assignments of this kind are highly prized by many Bunders. I was detailed on two such cases, and although I discovered nothing of importance, nevertheless I was required to fill out detailed reports to be obediently forwarded to Berlin.

In apartments and roominghouses not far from Eighty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue in New York live a number of engineers, oilers, stewards, and other experienced marine workers. Actually they are Gestapo agents, exchanging places at regular intervals with other agents arriving on German liners. Occasionally I have seen them at Bund meetings, but not often. Mostly they are used as couriers to take back reports and information which the Gestapo does not deem safe for the mails or cables even in this

(Continued on page 20)

BILL FOR TAXES

(Federal, State and Local)

One million dollars a day $1000 000 00

PAID EVERY DAY BY BEER

IN ADDITION to paying more than 400 million dollars a year in taxes .. Beer has made a million new jobs, since re-legalization. Beer also buys each year 3 million acres of farm crops. . .and pays 100 million dollars for them.

AND NOW, to keep Beer's many benefits...for you and for them...America's brewers want to help keep beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself. Their program will interest all law authorities ...and you! *May we send you the facts?*

FREE *booklet describing the brewers' self-regulatory program will be sent on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept, D-7, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.*

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

(Continued from page 18)

day of coded messages.

Next to Hitler, the most feared name in Nazi circles is the Gestapo, and naturally so. The Gestapo takes precedence over anything and everything under German authority, except der Fuehrer himself. It can countermand an order of the German General Staff and give orders to a captain at sea. Little wonder that such an organization, shrouded in mystery as it is, should stir the imagination of the stolid German mind. It is the ambition of most Bund members to become recognized Gestapo agents in this country.

SOME time ago, on orders of Hitler, the Gestapo located agents in every German consular and diplomatic office in the world. Frequently they are disguised as minor employees, and in most cases their identity is not known to any one except the consul. In Germany every official of the Nazi Party is automatically a Gestapo agent. But Germany has other secret-police organizations. Rudolf Hess has his police, Goebbels has his organization, and Hermann Goering, who originally conceived the idea of the Gestapo, has his own secret agents. They spy on each other, for it is an inflexible rule of Nazism to trust no one, least of all a neighbor.

This policy is doubtless sound when one considers that the high Nazi officials are little more than mercenaries, and that Hitler can at no time have any sense of security unless he knows the innermost thoughts of his close advisers. The one exception might be Rudolf Hess, whose devotion to him is unquestionable. Hitler is sure of Hess. But he is sure of none of the others. So there is a Gestapo within a Gestapo, wheels within wheels, an endless chain of espionage. I estimate that there are at least 2,000 Gestapo agents in the United States.

During my career as a Bund member I had many opportunities to come actively in contact with Gestapo agents, both those stationed permanently in America and those used as carriers or on special missions from Berlin. I know I could never have risen to the position I did in the Bund without having stood many tests and evaded many traps. Without the thorough understanding of espionage and counterespionage that I had gained in Germany, I would never have dared join the Bund as I did.

On two occasions I had interesting and even thrilling Gestapo experiences. One occurred at a time when Kuhn was traveling in the West, attempting to gain control of certain German societies. My friend Ernst, who would have normally taken the assignment, was laid up with grippe at the time. I was ordered to take quarters in a roominghouse on East Fiftieth Street near Second Avenue and to receive the reports from a number of lesser Bund agents employed in various capacities but mostly as domestics. To cloak my activities, I set myself up as a teacher of languages. My "pupils" were the domestics who came to me to "learn English."

Looking over my notes I recount briefly the following cases:

Fräulein B—— wanted to be a Gestapo agent. To my knowledge, she served the Bund faithfully. She was successful in obtaining employment in Jewish families, claiming to be partly German Jew herself. Her information was trivial to me, but not to the Bund or the anti-Semitic propaganda headquarters at Erfurt, Germany. Details of private lives, highly colored, and information about the Aryan friends of the Jews who employed her, were her specialties. Some day she may be rewarded by an appointment to the Gestapo itself.

Henry B——, who lives on Second Avenue near Eighty-fourth Street, is both an experienced plumber and a radio trouble shooter. I was amazed at the amount of information he turned in—information like that in which Fräulein B—— excelled.

Fritz K—— is an expert photographer. His ambition is to develop a camera no bigger than a cuff button. He seems to have every other kind. He has been employed for several years in the home of a man whose town house is in the upper East Sixties. Fritz K—— is a sort of houseman, or second butler, and is very popular with the children of the household. His employer is a man of great influence who is frequently called to Washington on semiofficial missions. While he has a great suite of offices in downtown New York, he does considerable work in his library. Fritz K—— regularly turned in photographic copies of correspondence highly interesting and very informative, having to do in several instances with Washington's thinking on the subject of embargoes, President Roosevelt's declining or rising popularity, Congressional opinion on arms embargo, isolationists, etc. Kuhn frequently commends Fritz K—— in his reports to the Gestapo at Erfurt.

GUSTAV P—— works on a tugboat in New York harbor. When the American fleet visited the World's Fair early this year, Gustav was very active. When half the fleet suddenly upped anchor and steamed for the Panama Canal and the Pacific, Gustav knew of the sailing order almost as soon as did the admiral. Before the anchors were off the Hudson River bottom news of the impending departure was being hurled through the air, and it had been decoded in the German Foreign Office long before these battleships turned around in the Hudson.

The case of Herr C—— was different and, for him, a more tragic matter. I did not know until later that the Gestapo had been trying for a year to establish a domestic in the home of a certain wealthy Westchester family interested in oil, steel, and speculative cotton. Herr C—— was a Gestapo agent but never an important one. He seemed fitted for domestic work, and maneuvers were attempted over and over to land him in this family in any capacity from gardener to butler.

At least twice Gestapo agents "hired away" male domestics in the family's employ, and next day had a dummy employment agency casually inquire if the family needed help. Eventually Herr C—— was placed. His instructions were to turn his coded reports in to me; I was to pass them on to R—— F——, a Gestapo agent about to sail for Germany.

It may have been the long wait, or it may have been that something snapped inside Herr C——. In any event, the second day he was on the job he got drunk and was promptly fired. At least he had the courage to report the truth to me, and I passed it on to Agent R—— F——. The next night three Storm Troopers worked on poor Herr C—— with a rubber hose and a blackjack. He was in a hospital for two weeks or more and, of course, he was dropped by the Gestapo. The German Secret Police permit no excuses. Their vengeance on an erring member is both sudden and adequate.

ONE night I was told to take an envelope to Eighty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue, to be there at nine sharp, to wait on the northeast corner. I had waited about ten minutes when a black Ford pulled to the curb. The car bore a Queens number, but I did not have to see the plates to know whose car it was, nor was I surprised when Fritz Kuhn pushed his head through the open window and tersely commanded me to hand him the big envelope. It was a Manila one secured with red sealing wax. The car stopped only a moment, but long enough for me to see that his companion was a Japanese.

The average man in the street, if he thinks of the German-American Bund at all, is inclined to laugh at the picture of men parading in camps, their hands held out in the Nazi salute. His usual reaction is: "What harm can a few thousand Bund members do the great United States?" (The Federal Bureau of Investigation, in a press release dated April 3, 1939, estimated the Bund membership at 6,617. Kuhn's "estimate" at that time was higher. Then in mid-August, before the Dies Committee, he put the membership at 20,000 and the "enlisted sympathizers" at several times that number. I know, and every well informed Bund member knows, that the Bund numbers over 30,000, is probably nearer 40,000, and is increasing every day.)

Says Mr. Average Man on the Street: "Well, so what? What can even forty thousand Bunders do in these great United States?" I wish he knew. I have only adopted America as my country. I hope in time to become thoroughly Americanized; but, being more German than American, I *know* what these 40,000 can do. I know what they *will* do. I know what they have been *ordered* to do if the

United States should enter into any conflict with Germany, or attempt to assist a nation at war with Hitlerland.

I knew the Nazis from the inside in Germany, and now, through my membership in the Bund, I know them from the inside in the United States. I know that reposing in Berlin, with copies in the offices of Dr. Goebbels and Herr Himmler, there are detailed plans for the industrial demoralization of the United States. The German-American Bund also has those plans in "secret" hiding places. If the American Congress should ever declare war against Germany the plans would immediately swing into action. Sabotage would be employed in aircraft and munition industries. Craft of all sorts would be sunk in ship channels. Railroad and vehicular tunnels would be destroyed. Bridges would be blown up. Power lines would be cut. Powerhouses would be wrecked. Great industrial plants would be put out of commission. Motor highways would be broken up with bombs. Munition plants would be destroyed.

Tragic accidents have happened to test planes on the West Coast. The F. B. I. has G-men carefully studying these crashes for evidence of sabotage. Several airplane manufacturers are now discharging employees whose Americanism is not definitely known.

AMERICA was shocked when the Squalus went down off the New England coast. Then the British submarine Thetis met disaster in a test dive, and then the French U-boat Phenix went down. Even though these as well as the test-plane tragedies may have been mere coincidental accidents, it should be remembered that such things would be planned and attempted by the Bund and the Gestapo should conflict develop between America and Germany.

It is the Nazi plan on the American front to strike quickly and destructively at the American airplane industry. As a former Bunder I know that Bund members and the American Storm Troopers would be the spearhead of this attack.

Such are the orders—the orders from Berlin—the orders from Hitler, the mystical God to every Nazi.

Germany is organizing now on all fronts.

Undersecretary of State Bohle, leader of the Germans abroad and Fritz Kuhn's immediate superior, told his visitors from America that in the World War 300,000 Americans of German descent took up arms against the fatherland. "*That,*" he shouted, "*must not occur again!*"

If you had so much as one German great-grandparent, your name is on file, or soon will be, in Stuttgart, Germany, that Nazism may bend you to its brutish will whenever the fateful hour strikes—or even before! And for this you have the Bund to thank, as Liberty's reporter will show you, most convincingly, next week!

Experts of a nationally known laboratory observing the completely automatic finding and printing of pipe-smoke temperatures on Micromax, the scientific heat-recording device

The world's best-liked Tobacco

SMOKES COOLER BY 86 DEGREES

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

SCIENTISTS who smoke a pipe feel as millions of men do about tobacco. They don't want *hot-burning,* "bitey" smokes, low in flavor. So a leading independent laboratory made impartial smoking-heat tests on 31 of the largest-selling brands. Completely automatic heat-recording equipment printed the results: PRINCE ALBERT SMOKED 86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the others tested—coolest of *all!*

Just imagine what a difference of 86° can make in *your* smoking—in mildness, fragrance, grand taste ... in MOUTH COMFORT! P.A.'s secret of cool smoking joy is in its choice, rich tobaccos ... its famous "crimp cut" and "no-bite" process. Full-bodied smoking, yet SO MILD, because free from the effects on your mouth of excess heat. Put *your* pipe in the cool, mellow joy-circle of the world's largest-selling tobacco...*today!*

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS—
TRY P.A.'S COOL-SMOKING CRIMP CUT. ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF RIPE, FULL-BODIED, MELLOW SMOKING TOBACCO!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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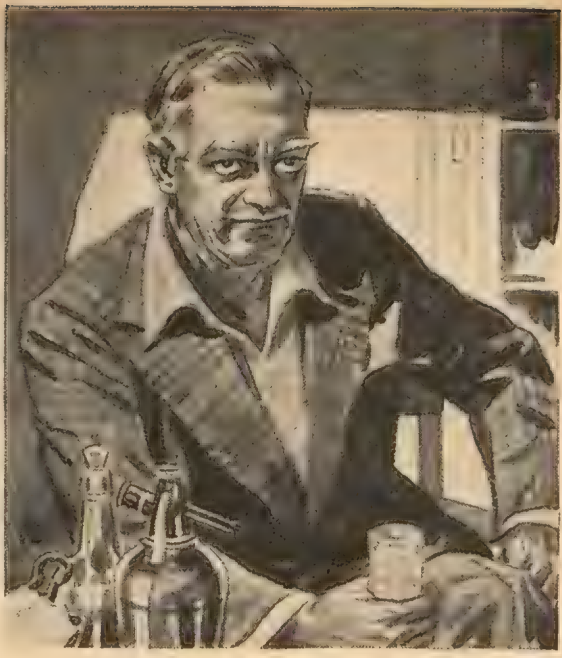

OVER THE HILL

Liberty's Short Short

BY H. G. WINTER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

JOHN SPAGUE met Oglethorpe on a pleasant summer afternoon, and he was sure that it was the kind of luck that happens once in a lifetime.

Of course he did not realize it at first.

Oglethorpe appeared while John Spague was sitting by himself on the terrace of his country home, listening to the ghostly thrumming in his head. The most expensive medical advice had told him that if he did not retire from his business and take a long rest, the muted throb would swell and crack his head wide open, leaving nothing much inside. Whereupon, he knew, the second Mrs. Spague would have him stowed away somewhere and promptly acquire at least half of his estate. The thought appalled him as much as the specialist's warning.

It was a little past four o'clock when Oglethorpe came rambling over the lawn to the terrace. He wore an ancient frock coat and mildewed flannel trousers, and years before his shoes might have been patent-leather pumps. He lingered to sniff a flower, and then to wipe his bald head. When he saw John Spague, he waved his hand.

"Greetings, brother!" he said in a high but melodious voice. "And why are you sitting there all by yourself, if I may ask?"

A man of swift and considerable temper, John Spague's first impulse was to bawl the vagrant off the place. But to his own astonishment, he replied truthfully:

"Because I don't like the woman inside."

That was conservative; after six months of marriage, he loathed her. He considered that he had been tricked by a pretty face and a sympathetic manner. The truth was that he had never before met any one who dared to talk back to him. He had shouted himself black in the face demanding a divorce, and she had laughed. She was fifteen years younger than he, and she had plenty of time. The court would take care of her, she said, if he cut her out of his will; at the very worst it would give half to her and half to the first Mrs. Spague. Heaven knew, she concluded, that that mousy, all-suffering creature deserved it, after what she must have gone through for twenty years, before he divorced her.

"You don't like her?" the stranger repeated. "Then why not get rid of her?"

John Spague's strange candor persisted. "I don't know how."

"Oh, pshaw!" the stranger said. "That's no answer for an intelligent man. By the way, what's your name? Mine is Oglethorpe."

John Spague told him.

"Charmed to meet you, John. Why not poison her? A little something in the evening cocktail, John."

John Spague laughed. "Here," he said, "have a cigar. It's a good one. Fifty cents — made for me personally."

When Oglethorpe had puffed a few times, he regarded the cigar with approval. "Sumptuous, John," he pronounced. "One good turn deserves another. Insult her first to relieve your feelings, then lace her Scotch with arsenic. Infallible. I speak," he added, "from experience."

The germ of the idea lodged in John Spague's mind as his caller talked on.

"I killed one just—let me see—half an hour ago; couldn't be more." Even his wandering blue eyes seemed to smile with the recollection. "And a pleasure it was to see him die. I strolled down to get a breath of air and savor a few flowers after laying him out."

"Where was this?" asked John Spague.

"Over the hill there," Oglethorpe said. "I've got a little cabin in the hollow. Ronald, his name was. I didn't care for him particularly and I'm rather proud of my touch with arsenic. 'Have a drink, Ronald,' I urged him. 'You look a little pale.' So he did, and great gulps he took too, the greedy lout. He doubled up nice and easy and dropped off sweet as you please. Lying there now." Oglethorpe beamed. "Want to come and help me put him away?"

The idea was developing fast, and John Spague was anxious to humor this imbecile. "Why, certainly," he said.

There was a cabin over the hill down in the hollow, and for a minute or two John Spague was afraid that there really would be a Ronald. But of course there wasn't.

"Looks peaceful, doesn't he?" Oglethorpe said, pointing to the empty cot inside. "Almost a shame to bury him."

"Why not let him stay there?"

Oglethorpe considered. "Well, John, if you say so," he said, "all right. But it isn't customary."

John Spague took him by the arm. "Let's go down to the house and have a couple of drinks," he proposed. "Why not stay with us for a few days, Oglethorpe?"

"That's certainly handsome of you, John. I accept with pleasure."

So they walked down to the house arm in arm through the long shadows, John Spague thinking. A little arsenic for Oglethorpe to play with; then the police would come and discover the missing lunatic, the tragedy would be announced in the papers, and soon forgotten.

They mounted the steps to the terrace and John Spague found that he had another cigar in his pocket, though he had thought he had given his last one to Oglethorpe. So he gave this one to Oglethorpe too, who stood puffing it regally while John Spague called his wife.

"Maxine! Oh, Maxine!"

He took Oglethorpe's arm affectionately. "Now you'll meet my wife," he whispered. "Wouldn't it be fun if you fixed her up the way you fixed Ronald?"

"John," Oglethorpe said, "that's a fine idea."

Then Maxine came out. "I want you to meet an old friend," John Spague said. "He just dropped by. Going to stay with us a few days. Oglethorpe, this is my wife."

And the second Mrs. Spague looked at her husband. And he felt a horror as the muted thrumming rose, and he knew, without looking, that the cigar was still in his pocket.

"What are you talking about?" the second Mrs. Spague said.

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

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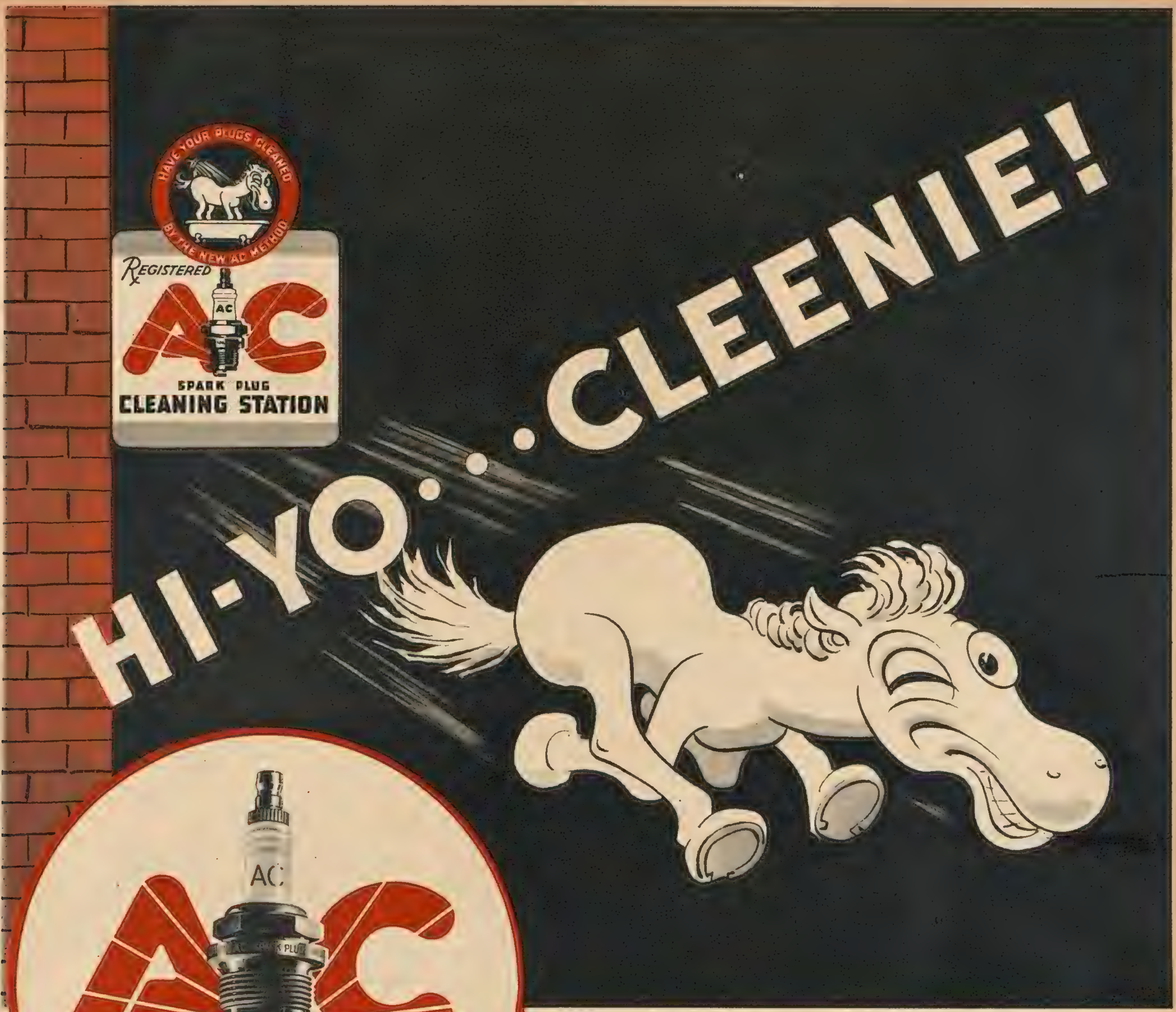
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.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MY SHOES ARE CLEANED EVERY DAY
MY SPARK PLUGS ARE CLEANED EVERY 4000 MILES
AC

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

ONE May evening, while the world trembles on the brink of war, the Yankee Stadium in New York is filled to overflowing with a throng come to hear the message of Captain Gordon McArdle, who had issued a far-flung invitation to all: "Jesus the Lord of Peace wants to see you."

In the crowd are two writers who marvel at this extraordinary demonstration of mob psychology. When McArdle speaks they note his strange eyes, and that he had lost a little finger. In the midst of the orator's hypnotic exhortation on the Son of God as the only Way to peace, a youth in the audience tries to shoot him but is felled by some mysterious power. Even the doctor to whom the would-be assassin is taken cannot explain his seizure.

Sensing the break of a real story, the two writers follow up this dramatic happening and persuade a woman who knows McArdle intimately to tell them his story:

Running away from his home in Virginia as a lad, Gordon McArdle became vagabond and adventurer. Loved lightly, took what he wanted. Then the Great War called him to the flag. Quickly he became a captain. In France, he fell in love with Yvonne Durand, a pretty nurse, but doubted her fidelity. His doubt persisted even when his chum, Spike Buckley, assured him on his deathbed that Yvonne was true.

McArdle's men captured a German who wore a big armorial gold ring on his little finger. No information could be wrung from him.

As they retreated there was a shattering sound. A direct hit! McArdle felt himself being obliterated from life.

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART TWO—THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

GORDON McARDLE never knew how long it was, minutes or hours, before he regained consciousness.

The first thing he noticed, when he opened his eyes, was that there was no trench. It had been wiped out. Then he saw the moist spreading blotch. On his left leg he saw it, just above the knee, where a shell splinter had ripped off part of his olive-drab slacks so that the flesh showed.

What a lot of blood! Didn't hurt, though. What did hurt him was the leaden weight of Cal Finn across his abdomen.

"Say—Cal! Get off my belly, will you!"

No answer.

"Get off my belly! Get off! Don't you hear me, you bum?"

Still no answer. Strong-arm tactics needed! A heave and a push—and Cal rolling off sideways, his head splashing into the muck—hope he'll choke—serve that fresh guy darn good and right. . . .

Well, that's better.

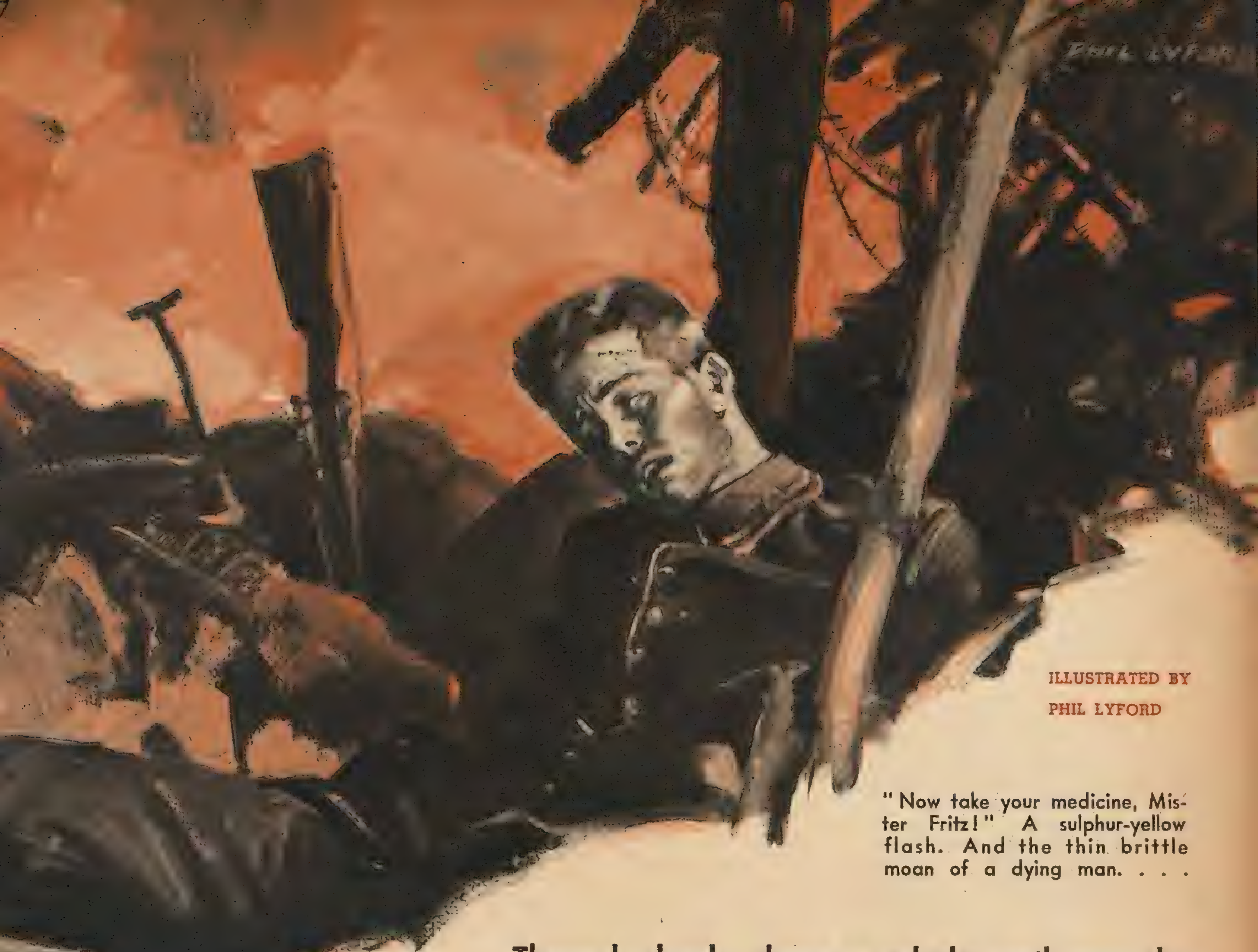
"Cal! Let me have your first-aid!"

Silence.

"All right. Go ahead and sulk. I'll ride you, baby, soon's we get back to base. . . ."

Bleeding worse than ever. *Must* tie up my wound somehow. Handkerchief will have to do—and the tail of my shirt. Both as dirty as hell. But got nothing else. . . .

Push it a bit into the wound, to



ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL LYFORD

"Now take your medicine, Mister Fritz!" A sulphur-yellow flash. And the thin brittle moan of a dying man. . . .

Through death, shame, and the evil men do, the spirit fights on in this novel of regeneration

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

Authors of Flower of the Gods, etc.

sop up the blood. Give it a twist to make it stay.

Yvonne taught me that trick. Sweet little Yvonne. . . .

O. K. Grit your teeth. One—two—three. Another twist—and *there* we are!

And now—sleep! That's what I need. Not a chance, boy! Don't you remember? Orders from D. H. Q.—blast those pansy brass hats with their spurred boots on their desks—to hurry up, fall back to Cateauville. . . .

Orders is orders.

"Come on, Cal! Come on, Joe! Come on, soldiers! There's grub and cognac and French skirts at Cateauville."

A pause. And, half rising, loudly: "Get a move on!"

Then, a second later, laughter.

Who laughed? Who had the confounded gall to laugh?

Say—I know who it was. Me! Gordon McArdle myself. And laughing *at* myself. Because the joke's on me.

For how in blazes can those suckers get a move on? Why—they're all dead—that's what they are. Stiffs! There's no Cal, no Clyde Saxton, no Jerry Powers, no freckle-faced Joe Henderson. No nobody.

Nobody at all.

Again the gurgling laughter.

Get a move on?

Like my foot!

We won't go on—ever. How the devil can we? We're dead—see?

All dead but one.

Me — atten*shun!* Myself — atten*shun!* Captain Gordon McArdle of the Tenth Virginians—atten*shun!*

O. K. Let's go.

So long, Cal! So long, Joe! So long, boys! Be seeing you . . . that's a lie. *Won't* be seeing you. . . .

Turning to go. Then stopping. Somebody moving over there to the left. Somebody who is—alive.

"Hi, fellow! We're both alive and kicking! Let's shake hands on it. . . ."

Shake hands? How can *that* guy shake hands—with his arms tied behind his back? Funny thing for a soldier—to have his arms tied behind his . . .

I know! It's the Heinie I jerked out of that shell hole and took prisoner! *We* tied his hands! . . .

The lousy murderous Heinie swine! All Heinies are lousy murderous swine! Blow our trench to smithereens—blow the Tenth Virginians to kingdom come—will you? All right! I'll teach you!

"Now take your medicine, Mister Fritz!"

And the heavy automatic leaping, like a sentient being, to Gordon's hand.

A roar and sulphur-yellow flash. A recoil. And the thin brittle moan of a dying man. . . .

There had been a temporary lull in the German barrage. Now it began again, a tremendous cacophony of sound that broke in on Gordon, brought him to his senses.

And there came to him, suddenly, the realization of the black deed which he had done.

He had killed a defenseless prisoner. The worst and most cowardly form of murder.

He swallowed hard. Horror dropped over him like a sheet of ice. Horror—and remorse. He stared at the other.

The head—the head of this dying man—how it lolled to one side, dreadfully! And the eyes, staring back at him accusingly, like those of a hurt child.

"You did this!" the eyes seemed to say. "Why did you? Oh, why did you?"

He knelt beside the German.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'm sorry. . . ."

Then he shrugged his shoulders. The deed was done.

Can't undo it. Right. But got to do—something—something. . . .

What?

Maybe—one thing. Communicate with the Prussian's family. Tell them—the truth? No, no! A white lie. Tell them that their son had died like an officer and a gentleman—and, coming to think of it, it wasn't really a lie. . . .

GORDON put his mouth close to the dying man's face.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Who are your people? Where do they live?"

There was no answer. The eyes became dim, glazed.

O. K., reflected Gordon. He'd find out. There was a way.

He searched the man's pockets for identification papers, letters — anything at all. Nothing there. Not as much as a torn scrap, an empty envelope.

Then he remembered the heavy old-fashioned gold seal ring which he had noticed before on the little finger of the German's left hand. He looked at it more closely. It was carved with an elaborate and intricate armorial design, the shield, topped by a crested helmet, showing twenty-four quarterings. Doubtless an ancient coat of arms. The man must be an aristocrat; the ring would give a cue to his name. . . .

Gordon pulled it off. And just then the other spoke, with a terrible effort:

"*Wasser! Wasser! Lieber Herr Jesus—Wasser!* . . ."

Gordon knew that much German. Water—the other was begging for—water, for the love of Jesus. . . .

The American sighed. Might as well ask for a bottle of vintage champagne. No water here, in this smashed trench. Only blood here—and muck.

Still, what about squeezing some of the earth through a piece of cloth? Catch a few drops of moisture. . . .

He bent, scooped up a handful of sticky mud; and the very next second he stopped, frowned, listened.

For—and it was strange, since the sounds, although thin and muffled, cut, somehow, distinctly through the massive thunderous barrage — he heard something like the clinking of silver coins. *Clink! clink! clink!*—coming nearer and nearer — *clink, clink!* Ever nearer. He counted the sounds; didn't know why. One—two—three — four — five — six — seven—eight—in a dreadful cadenced persistency. Up to thirty. And no more than thirty.

Thirty silver coins. A meaning to it—he recalled vaguely—an ugly evil significance. . . .

He interrupted his thoughts; gave a start, as he saw a shadow approaching. The sharply silhouetted shadow of a man who appeared to be bearded, wearing floppy sandals and a long, loose robe. Like somebody out of the Bible. . . .

Who was it?

Then the man came into view. And Gordon's wonder grew as he saw that this man was not bearded, nor did he wear sandals or robe. Just a lean clean-shaven old French peasant in a blue blouse, velveteen trousers very tight about the ankles, clumsy wooden sabots, and, instead of a necktie, a fragment of brown frayed rope wound round his neck and dangling down to his broad belt.

He paid no attention to the American. He dropped on his knees beside the German. And Gordon's wonder still grew, it reached the gray border line of fear and awe as he watched the peasant's hands. Gnarled, sinewy, high-veined hands that were empty, held no glass. Yet there was—no doubt of it—the crystal splash of water. Gordon heard it. He heard the avid gulp of the German officer's drinking; heard his choked words:

"*Danke! Danke! Vielen Dank, guter Samaritaner.* . . ."

So, with pitiful words of thanks on his lips, the man died; and immediately the old peasant rose. He stared at Gordon with a strange expression in his jet-black eyes. Irony there. And mockery. And, too—could it be pity?

The notion infuriated the Virginian. What in hell did this old clodhopper mean by offering him pity?

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "I'd like to know . . ."

He said no more. For the simple reason that there was nobody to speak to. Nobody—except the dead.

There was no French peasant.

HE shook his head; tried to brace himself.

Nothing to it. His imagination working overtime. There had been no clinking silver coins, no bearded robed shadow, no French peasant, no crystal splash of water.

Just his imagination. Because of his wound, his slight fever delirium which made him see things, hear things, feel things that were not.

On the other hand, there were things that *were*. Orders from D. H. Q., for instance, to hurry back to Cateauville. And, on the way to Cateauville, the village of Lamaze—the hospital there—Yvonne. . . .

Swell kid! And did she know how to make love! Gosh—how those soft red lips of hers could kiss—though, to believe her, he had been the first . . .

Well—maybe!

Anyway, he'd see her again. And she'd make a fuss over him; spill a few tears because of his wound; call him her brave American hero.

He started forward; put down his good leg, then, warily, his bad, and almost fainted with pain. But the reek of the dead brought him to his senses. He wasn't going to become one of them. Not yet awhile.

ONCE more he started forward, still half delirious, dragging his injured leg. He looked about him. No doughboys anywhere; at least, none that was alive. They were all well back on their rapid retreat to base. And, so far, the enemy had not launched his infantry attack; was busy, in his efficient Teutonic method, preparing the ground for the advance by spraying it liberally with artillery fire.

Well, thank God that the shells, with their rumble and drone, advertised themselves, like a subway train. Gave him a chance to get out from under and find some sort of shelter; drop into a hole where a former shell had done its excavating work, or into some deep rut where tanks had passed or heavy caissons.

Then, after the projectile had whistled away in the distance, out of the hole again. Stumbling along. Eternities of agony. Nor ever, later on, could he remember the details of that terrible journey across no man's land; remembered only that, toward evening, when the square white church tower of Lamaze came into view, he was crawling on all fours, like a beast.

There was a narrow brook, so peaceful — so unreasonably peaceful between its banks where larks were blithely chirping and pairing amid the pollard willows. He stopped to drink, to bathe his face, to rest awhile.

O. K. to rest now. Safety was within sight. Americans—American doctors—and a little French nurse. . . .

He recalled how he had fallen for her, "right off the bat," and—sure—how she had fallen for him! That had been the day after his division had moved to Lamaze, at an impromptu party thrown by Major—what's-his-name?—that Boston fellow with the funny accent. And how, with two Frenchies, violin and rickety piano, playing La Valse Brune, he had danced with her . . . and, gee! the curve of her cheek by his shoulder; her soft curly hair over which he had wanted to pass the tips of his fingers; her brown eyes smiling up at him; and he saying to her:

"Hot in here. What about a shot of fresh air?"

Then—for the battle line was still miles away

(Continued on page 28)

NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE JOINS PEPSODENT FAMILY

and IRIUM makes All 3 forms of PEPSODENT extra effective

"All 3" contain IRIUM
...so take your choice
PEPSODENT BRAND Tooth Powder
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It's what's IN your Dentifrice that Counts . . . and IRIUM puts a Plus in All 3 forms of Pepsodent!

● Here's the new liquid dentifrice you've been hearing about—*Pepsodent Liquid for Teeth!* Makes teeth look brighter with just 2 drops—refreshes—foams pleasantly—instantly helps overcome bad breath.

Why be satisfied with ordinary kinds? New Pepsodent Liquid Dentifrice, like Pepsodent Tooth Paste and Pepsodent Powder, contains IRIUM... the patented, *more effective* ingredient.

This means Pepsodent should be *your* choice . . . whether you prefer tooth paste, tooth powder or the new type liquid dentifrice. Because IRIUM gives *your preferred form of dentifrice* added zest . . . extra effectiveness . . . greater cleansing power...and ONLY PEPSODENT has all 3 forms containing IRIUM.

You see, it's not the *form* of dentifrice but what's *in* it that counts—it's what's *in* it that does the work! Doesn't that make sense?

See the Difference IRIUM Makes

So take your choice of 3 forms of safe Pepsodent containing IRIUM. See how IRIUM in Pepsodent flashes into instant, safe action! You'll see ugly surface-stains disappear from teeth—*safely.* All 3 forms of Pepsodent contain No Grit, No Pumice, No Bleach . . . PROVED SAFE *for Tooth Enamel!*

"ALL 3" PROVED SAFE FOR TOOTH ENAMEL!

Gone are shaves all Hot and Blistery—Ingram's makes 'em Ancient History!

Soothing Ingram's helps relieve shaving irritations!

ROUGH, tough beards go quickly limp—with Ingram's. From the first instant you lather to the final razor-stroke, you feel a soothing difference . . . the famous Ingram's *kick*. But what really starts men raving is its bracing *aftereffect*. Ingram's helps relieve shaving scrapes and stings. Long after your shave is finished, your skin's cool and perked-up. Get a thrifty tube or jar from your druggist today.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, more attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

(Continued from page 26)

—the deep hushed night heavy with the scent of jessamine and rose; and the moonlight, the good old-fashioned moonlight, just like back home in Virginia; and they strolling on, hand in hand; and his heart beating, beating; and Yvonne, presently, telling him all about herself.

All—which wasn't much.

Her mother, who had died years ago, had been Irish, a governess formerly in a Paris household; that's why Yvonne spoke such fluent English. Her father, a country physician in Normandy, had been killed early in the war. And she, in a convent school at the time, had volunteered to be a nurse; and that was her whole story—except:

"I love you, love you, love you! Ah—*je t'adore foliement, gros chéri!*"

Then, after a while, she had asked him about himself. And he had told her—well, not everything.

Hadn't told her how he had knocked down his grandfather. Nor about the mix-up in Chicago when he had stuck up the paymaster of the Acme Express and winged him in the left shoulder. Nor about Jim Kyser's pretty young wife—Jim had been his best pal in Detroit—and how, later on, he had ditched her and run away with that yellow-haired waitress. Nor, after the yellow-haired waitress had ditched *him*, about that cute little stenographer — Jane Something-or-other, eighteen years old, no more than a kid—and had *she* turned on the waterworks when he had announced that he was through with her! . . . Gee! He had felt sorry, but a guy had to have a little change occasionally. . . .

STRANGE, though, how Yvonne seemed to sense what his life had been like.

Shortly afterward—that had been in Los Angeles—he had joined Big Bill Moriarty's mob. Shakedown artists, doing their stuff among the studios. And he had fallen out with Big Bill over that two-handed stud-poker session. . . . Well, maybe they had *both* dealt from the bottom of the deck. Anyway, he had beaten that gorilla to the draw with a beer bottle. Had hot-footed it up to Oregon, got himself quite a good job with the Excelsior lumber people—must have fallen for his soft Virginian drawl—and he reckoned they were puzzling to this day what had happened to the two thousand three hundred and seventeen bucks he had been sent out to collect. . . .

No, he hadn't told Yvonne everything.

Because of her eyes, her brown eyes so trusting and innocent. Like deep pools, her eyes, later that night, hours after they had gone to her tiny room, on tiptoe, she with a finger on her lips and whispering: "Hush, darling!" And the moon rays slanting down on her forehead as her head nestled into the hollow of his shoulder, and he wondering how any human being could be so amazingly sweet and lovely. . . .

"You're the first man I've ever loved—ever kissed!"

That's what she had said to him—again and again.

The truth? What did it matter?

No good chewing the mental rag. Didn't get you anywhere. Life was life, and women were women, and men—sure enough—were men. Each one for himself and the devil take the hindmost!

HE cupped his hands and had another drink. Nice cool brook water.

Must get on to the hospital; have his wound fixed; find some sort of conveyance to carry him the rest of the way to Cateauville.

He stiffened his spirit for the final pull. He would be there, he figured, in twenty minutes. But it took him more than three hours to cover that last short distance, to pass the first whitewashed thatched cottage on the outskirts of Lamaze—and, almost immediately, something struck him as strange.

For there was silence, absolute and swathing. The world, beneath the domed rose-red evening sky, was still. Nothing stirred — no tramping or slurring of feet, no voices raised, no trundling wheels. Then he saw that the streets were empty.

Life had fled.

Could it be that he had come too late—that the place was already evacuated? He bit his lips. Perhaps, he thought, there was somebody at the hospital. Oh, yes! Must be somebody, physician or nurse, to look after wounded stragglers. . . .

He reached the building.

"Anybody there?" he called.

No answer.

"Hey — anybody there?" more loudly. "Dr. Prescott! Jack! Billy! Yvonne—Yvonne! . . ."

Still no answer but the mocking echo of his own cracked voice—and panic surged over him in a black flood. He knew that he had come to the end of his tether; and he slumped down on the ground, his head in his hands, and he wept, as children weep, with high-pitched, ludicrous gulps. . . .

After a while he controlled his quivering nerves. Had to face things, he decided, sanely and practically. Had to get out of this mess somehow.

He got up; looked; listened.

The Germans were many miles away—he could tell by the blurred staccato of their artillery; by the fact that there was no rifle fire; the fact, too, that the occasional circling planes were not bombers but scouts, evidently searching the terrain to see if the retreating Americans had left little surprises behind them, such as camouflaged machine-gun nests. Therefore, he reckoned, he would be able to lie down and sleep for an hour or two. Had to. Couldn't possibly proceed without it. Then, refreshed, he would be on his way; and that would be all right. He would get to Cateauville in safety, since, doubtless, the Germans would consolidate their position at Lamaze before sweeping on to their next objective. Delirious reasoning, of course — but his strength was gone anyway.

Yes. A good sound rest. Nor would he bother about his leg. Temporarily it had stopped aching. But unwinding the old makeshift bandage and putting on a new one might cause the agonizing pain to return. No good monkeying with the buzz saw. . . .

He limped into the front lobby. Plenty beds there. Beds in every nook and corner of the hospital.

He lay down on one.

He would sleep for two hours, he decided, and no longer. He would wake up at the end of the two hours. Could always time himself—it was an old trick of his—as if he had an alarm clock in his brain.

He yawned. Closed his eyes. Dreamed of this and that and the other thing. Dreamed, presently, of feet, booted feet *clump-clump-clumping* along, and harsh German words of command:

"*Erste Eskadron!*"

"*Zu Befehl!*"

"*Anreiten—rechts!*"

"*Zu Befehl. . . .*"

HE sat up with a start. The sounds filled him with stark wonder. It was intensified by the dense purplish-brown cloak of darkness.

Night had come. And—he wondered—how long had he been asleep?

The clumping boots approached. The door was thrown open, the electric switch turned on. And Gordon saw, on the threshold, a sweep of faces, dusty Uhlan uniforms, black holes of short cavalry carbines leveled in a straight threatening line. . . .

A moment later the soldiers entered. They saw Gordon; and a bearded German sergeant broke into hearty laughter.

"Vell, vell, vell!" he exclaimed jovially. "Iss you der endire American army, mister?"

He reached in his pocket, produced a crumpled paper packet and shook out a cigarette invitingly.

"Smoke, mister?"

"Thanks."

Gordon was conscious of a swift revulsion of feeling. Terror left him. After all, what was there to be afraid of? He'd be a prisoner of war. That was all. Nor was it his fault that his leg had stopped a shell splinter. He grinned at the German.

"Where did you learn English?"

"In New York. I uster be a vaiter at der Hofbrau—on Lexington. You know der Hofbrau, mister?"

"Sure do."

"*Ach Gott*—I vish I vas back dere. Ven I t'ink of dem pig's knuckles dey uster serve dere—and . . ."

Then a voice cut in, telling him harshly to shut up:

"*Halten Sie die Schnautze, Feldwebel! Sie schwätzen wie ein Papagei!*"

At once, crestfallen, the sergeant stood stiffly at attention, placing his large beefy hands along the scarlet

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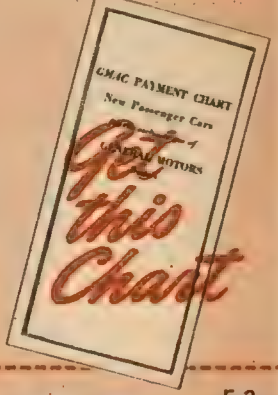

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seams of his trousers. The man who had spoken—a colonel, to judge by the insignia on his shoulder straps—came into the room, accompanied by a younger officer. He stepped up to Gordon, who tried to raise himself on his elbows. But the other said, in excellent English:

"Never mind. Wounded—aren't you?"

"In the leg."

"We'll have that attended to." He addressed the sergeant: "*Bringen Sie den Doktor, Feldwebel!*"

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!*"

The sergeant saluted and clumped out, while his superior—a tall hawkish white-mustached man, very much the aristocrat—gave a slight bow, clicked his heels and introduced himself to the Virginian.

"Prince Leopold von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck, Colonel of the Eleventh Uhlans." He pointed at the younger officer. "My adjutant, Lieutenant Graf von Hohenau."

"I'm Captain Gordon McArdle, U. S. Army."

"What division—may I ask?"

"You," calmly, "may not."

"Not?"

"O. K. Go ahead and ask. But don't expect me to reply." Gordon laughed. "I know all about that sort of thing. Cross-examine prisoners to get a line on the disposition of enemy troops. I've tried my hand at it. With German prisoners. And they wouldn't sing. Nor will I."

"Of course," suggested the colonel, "you realize that we can be—ah—quite . . ."

"Disagreeable. You bet. We use the same methods in our army. Third degree—with special wartime embroideries. But it would be a mere waste of energy. I repeat—I won't sing. Not me. Not one single chirpy little note."

The other smiled then—it was a friendly, charming, and warm smile.

"I believe you," he announced; and he added: "An honor to meet you, captain. We Germans like brave honest soldiers, whatever their flag."

HE stretched out a generous hand. The Virginian did likewise. Swell guy, that Heinie, he thought, a sport and a gent. And the hands touched, were about to clasp, when, all at once the German gave a cry.

"The ring!" he demanded. "The ring on your finger! Where—where did you get it?"

"The—" stammered Gordon, "the ring?"

"My son's ring! Where did you get it?"

There was a moment of silence, horrible silence.

"*Gott im Himmel*—I know! You killed him—robbed his body! . . ."

His ice-blue eyes narrowed into slits. His jaw clamped. The veins on his temples stood out like ropes.

"Ah!" he reiterated, and his voice rose to a shriek. "You killed him—robbed his body! . . ."

Gordon did not know what to say. Should he speak the truth? Almost he did. But the words froze on his lips. It would mean death; and he was less afraid of death than of the gray shame his confession would entail; the fact that he had murdered a defenseless prisoner. No, no! He could not bring himself to pronounce the words; took refuge in another, lame explanation:

"I—I found the ring . . ."

"You lie!" cried the German officer. "You killed him! Killed my son—my only son—and robbed his body! Ah—beast! Pig! Dog!"

He lunged forward. His jaws were clamped no longer, nor were his eyes like slits. His jaws were loose, sagging, his eyes wide and round and filled with a terrible hate—hate that was obscene and prurient.

"My son's ring!" he cried. "Give it to me!"

He tried to wrench it from Gordon's little finger.

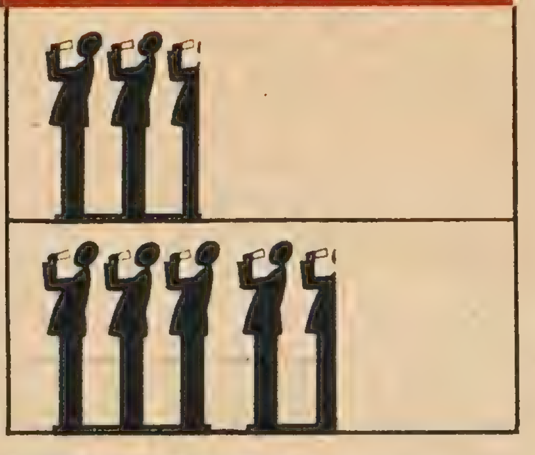
It did not budge.

Then, suddenly, he snatched up a saber from a near by table. With the deadly accuracy of his student days at Heidelberg, he brought it swishing down. . . .

But will this be the only stroke of revenge against the young American captain? Won't the frenzied father want the life of his son's slayer? How can Gordon possibly escape from this net of death? The installment of The Shadow of the Master in next week's Liberty will more than amaze you.

MILLIONS SWING TO OLD DRUM

SALES SOAR 84% IN PENNSYLVANIA



TOP QUALITY AT A PRICE THAT'S RIGHT

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"I HAD TO GO FISHING to find out what a great drink Old Drum is! Yes, sir, when Bob brought out his bottle of Old Drum, I discovered the whiskey I'd always been looking for. Smooth, mellow, with a really *swell* flavor . . . . at a price that's right! Old Drum's sure tops with me!"

ACCURATE RECORDS show that Old Drum sales in the Keystone State in a recent ten-month period increased 84% over the same period the year before. Throughout the nation, too, Old Drum sales are well over last year's. Yes, people *enjoy* that fine Old Drum flavor; people *like* that thrifty price!

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READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

THE NEXT WORLD'S CHAMPION

BY ARTHUR DONOVAN

He has speed, strength, and a fighting heart, says the famous referee, and goes on record for—Lou Nova!

LOU NOVA is the next heavyweight champion of the world. I know I'm going way out on a limb when I say that, but it is my judgment after carefully weighing up all the facts in sight. Nothing can stop him, bar accident. He might be fighting Joe Louis for the title now if his manager had been able to talk louder and faster; but at the conference that wound up by giving the match to Bob Pastor, Ray Carlen was drowned out in a flood of ballyhoo. Just the same, Nova is the man to watch. He has speed, strength, fighting heart, ambition unlimited, and—in spite of the contrary opinion of some men who ought to know—he has had experience enough to give him ring wisdom and sound judgment.

The expert notion that Lou Nova, in spite of nearly four years in the ring—in which he has beaten Tommy Farr and other tough contenders and has knocked out Gunnar Barlund and Max Baer when they were challenging the champion—that kindly but belittling verdict that " the boy is immature and needs more battle practice " is one of the biggest puzzles in the history of the ring. Twice it has cost Nova his chance to win the world championship, and incidentally a fortune; so it is well worth looking into.

The first time they threw the wet blanket on Lou was when he came to New York to fight Gunnar Barlund last October, after knocking out Bob Nestell, the big California marvel who was supposed to be the best prospect among all the challengers. Barlund, a six-foot Finn of 195 pounds, was strong as a bull and had a fine ring record.

I refereed the fight. Barlund made the pace from the start. Nova stood him off for a while with a nice left jab, but the Gunnar, halfway through the round, caught him with a right to the chin that sent him to the floor. The youngster was up on his right knee at " Three! " but he didn't jump to his feet as an amateur might. You may call it a slip or a push or anything else you like, but when a man is knocked down in the ring, he's hurt. And if he's ringwise he'll stay down as long as the law will let him, to recover from the shock and clear his brain. As I studied Nova's face I saw that his mind was normal. His eyes were keen. He was perfectly recovered.

He didn't skip out of Barlund's reach, but propped him off with as nice a left jab as ever I saw, straight as a ray of light and swift as a bullet. All through the rest of the round Nova was studying Barlund, getting his distance and timing his hitting, going over him as carefully as a doctor making a diagnosis, all traces of the knockdown he had suffered forgotten as he stepped in and out, measuring and timing.

From the third round on, Lou began to swap punches with the Finn, blow for blow. Nova would feint Barlund into a lead and beat him to the punch, shifting his head a little to the right and shooting in his own right fist at the same moment. He shook the Gunnar again and again, but the Norseman was game as they make them and had stamina to burn. The longer he fought, the better he got, even under punishment.

Through the fourth and fifth rounds Nova kept up his attack, and, though Barlund landed on him now and then, the boy had all the best of the exchanges. In the sixth Nova opened up half a dozen old scars, and soon the Finn's face was dripping red.

In the middle of the seventh round Barlund's legs were quivering, and nothing but will power was keeping him on his feet. His arms hung down like idle ropes. His eyes were growing dim. His face was cut to ribbons. I saw he was gone. I didn't dare to let the fight go any further, for the Gunnar had reached that point of exhaustion at which one more punch might cause a concussion of the brain.

SWAPS GOLD MINE FOR A CAN OF PIPE TOBACCO

Many years ago we published a letter from a gold prospector in far off Alaska. It was written in lead pencil on the back of a map—and told the queerest story we've ever heard about a pipe-smoker's love for his favorite "baccy".

Browsing through our files the other day we discovered this old-timer's letter—yellow with age, and decided to write and find out whether he still smoked the same brand. Here's his reply:

Fairbanks, Alaska
May 28, 1939

Gentlemen:

You sure have some memory. I'd hate to have you mush on my trail should you have blood in your eye. I'd have to do some sidestepping to get rid of you.

I have never forgotten swapping a gold claim that had an unknown fortune in it for a can of Edgeworth tobacco though more than thirty years have been spun on the web of time since then.

I value a thing by how much I crave it, and not by its actual worth in the commercial world. I've never regretted the trade. Like the shattered vase that poet guy wrote about, the incense of the contents of the can o' Edgeworth still lingers in my nose.

You ask me if I still smoke Edgeworth. What a question. I surely do, though I've passed my eighty-fourth milestone. Edgeworth is a pleasure I'll never pass up as long as I can toddle on God's footstool.

It's a brand of "baccy" beyond compare.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM W. CRAIGIE

You probably have many more years of smoking pleasure ahead of you than Mr. Craigie.

Maybe you've already found The Perfect Tobacco that just suits you to a T. If so, there's no sense in experimenting further.

But if you are still in the "looking 'em over" stage, why not take a chance and get one of those convenient blue Edgeworth tins next time you drop in at your tobacco dealer's.

Or, if you would like to try our Edgeworth plan just drop us a post card. Here's a letter from a smoker who—well, read it and see for yourself:

Marblehead, Mass
July 16, 1939

Dear Sirs:

For the past ten years I have tried to smoke a pipe but could never enjoy it long enough to become what you would call a pipe smoker.

However, since I received your "plan" about a year ago I have been smoking Edgeworth steadily ever since and have enjoyed every pipeful right to the bottom of the bowl.

Now I am a member of the great pipe smoking fraternity and do I enjoy it!

Yours truly,
WILBUR T. MOULTON

A postcard inquiry to Larus & Brother Company, Dept. LB 220, Richmond, Va., will bring you complete details of the Edgeworth Plan.

I stepped in front of Nova, pushed him back and raised his right arm to show he had won. Barlund was steered back to his corner, out on his feet. Neither he nor his seconds complained. They knew he was finished for the evening—and he hasn't done very much since.

The wise men weren't satisfied yet. The anvil chorus arose at a luncheon Mike Jacobs gave, to boom the match between Nova and Tommy Farr, the rugged Welsh miner who stood up to Joe Louis all the way to the finish without once hitting the floor. What they said didn't sound like booming the match, which shows that it was candid belief, not influenced by policy. Jack Dempsey began it. "Lou's a good boy," said Jack. "He has a nice punch and a cool head, and he'll go a long way in the game. What he needs now is more experience."

Not a word out of Nova.

Gene Tunney was next called on, and he quite agreed with his predecessor in the championship and on the platform. Other celebrities, not ex-champions of the world but men who had long studied the art of scientific punching, expressed the same idea—the boy had much to learn. The papers for days repeated these views. If they discouraged Nova, he didn't show it. He went on with his training and turned up for his battle with Farr in fine condition.

Perhaps when Dempsey and Tunney gave their judgment of Lou Nova they were comparing him with themselves when they were at the top of the world, not with themselves as they were at his age, when Dempsey was taking a long lay-off after John Lester Johnson had smashed three or four of his ribs and his championship dream was still far in the future, and when Tunney was merely champion of the American Expeditionary Forces, just back from " over there " with a broken right hand and no hope of a job. Maybe they forgot how afraid Tex Rickard was to let Jack—" the littlest feller I ever seed "—fight the giant Willard; forgot the roar of mocking laughter that rose all over the country when the slim Tunney had the gall to challenge the great Manassa Mauler, hardest hitter in the world.

THE average citizen doesn't appreciate the ambition that drives a young fellow who makes up his mind to become champion of the world, the ambition that burns like a raging fire, that makes him take punishment, poverty, and neglect all in his stride, while he sees nothing ahead but the title and its glory—yes, and the big money too—always waiting for him if only he'll keep on learning, keep on trying, so that in the end he can prove himself the best man on earth.

If we look at the history of Lou Nova, we get a picture of that kind of ambition, of a struggle that has gone on for years, of a character that won't take no for an answer. He was born at Los Angeles in March, 1915, of a Scotch-Irish mother, his father of Italian and German descent, a musician, who died when the boy was six years old. His mother took him to live near relatives in Brooklyn, but returned to California, where Lou was graduated from Alameda High School. In Sacramento Junior College he played football and hurled the javelin; entered California College of Agriculture, a branch of the University of California. With very little training he won the college boxing championship, and in the 1934 vacation got a job helping to build the Golden Gate bridge and joined the Olympic Club of San Francisco.

Spike Roche taught Nova how to box, taught him so well that the boy won many amateur battles for the glory of the club, including the National Amateur Athletic Union heavyweight title at St. Louis, in 1935. Then he was invited to Paris, where he won the amateur championship of the world. He had done so well boxing for fun that he made up his mind to fight for money and to win the championship of the world. He knew he had picked out a tough job, but he was only twenty-one, with nearly 200 pounds of supple strength under his coat, and he had such good balance and co-ordination that he found boxing a pleasure instead of hard labor.

WHEN Manager Ray Carlen brought his lightweight, Frankie Click, to fight Kid Chocolate in New York early in 1936, he let Nova come along, to get some seasoning as a professional. The difference between that and boxing for fun is so great that you could write a book about it and that wouldn't tell half the story. The boy did fairly well, but he didn't set the river on fire. He fought eleven times that year, all in the East; wasn't beaten, but did nothing worth making a fuss about.

Nova's first victory in 1937 that caused any stir was his knockout of Bob Nestell in eight rounds near the end of the year, at Los Angeles. Up to that time Nestell was regarded as a comer. Yet Lee Ramage held Lou to a draw six weeks later, though the boy beat him in a return match. Bob Pastor gashed Nova's left eye early in their ten-round fight in San Francisco, but Lou went to a draw with him in spite of that heavy handicap. Maxey Rosenbloom slapped out a decision over Nova, and the boy's most sensational win was his knockout of Phil Brubaker in one round at Oakland. His next was the upset of Gunnar Barlund, as we have seen, followed by the croaking of the wise men at his lack of experience, which Lou offset by trouncing Tommy Farr.

And then— You guessed it: The experts praised Nova for doing a nice piece of work on the Welshman, but felt that he still needed ripening before he could be considered a real champion contender! That is how he was matched with Max Baer, who had taken an awful beating from Joe Louis and had come back so far that he knocked Farr down twice. Neither Louis nor Nova had downed Farr.

Baer was at his very best when he climbed up on the platform in the Yankee Stadium on the night of the first of June. He grinned and waved his hands to a few friends, but most of the time he was serious, concentrating on the problem before him.

Nova was anxious, too, as he sized up Baer, the hardest hitter he had ever been called upon to fight, the man whose fists had the stopping power of cannon shot. Once past him, Lou could count on meeting the champion.

At the bell Baer dashed in on the attack, hooking with his left but shooting short of the chin. And no wonder. This was the first time he had fought since he beat Tommy Farr, and the long lay-off had somewhat dulled his judgment of distance. He followed with what started as a terrific right swing, but Nova stopped it with a long, straight left.

For four rounds they rated along, Baer making the pace and Nova stabbing him with the straight left to the head—the best defense in the game—which landed before Baer's left hooks could get home, and threw his right swing — Max's famous "Sunday punch"—clear out of range. But in a fast rally in the fifth Baer's right got home on Nova's cheek, not at a knockout angle but with force enough to drive his head to one side. The crowd gave Baer a wild yell, for it was a tremendous smash.

THAT punch changed the picture. Whether it stung Nova into anger, or whether he was sore at the remarks of the critics that he was still too young and raw, I don't know; but the boy began to hit with a vicious force that stung Baer every time he landed. He stood up to him and traded punches, rally after rally, with no more respect for Max than he'd have for a hired partner. And surely Nova forged ahead on every exchange.

Nova wore his man down round after round; cut his face in a dozen places with those vicious straight lefts, and after the eighth round, went to work on his body too, with short straight jolts of the right. In the tenth Lou had Max staggering, and after a minute or so in the eleventh Baer was stumbling about the ring, arms down and helpless. Referee Frank Fullam stopped the slaughter when he saw that Baer was out on his feet. You couldn't see a mark on Nova except for the swollen left ear on which Baer's fierce swings had landed. And yet—

"Nova is a good man, but he is still immature," was Gene Tunney's comment, and most of the other critics agreed with him. So it was that Bob Pastor was chosen as the next man to fight Champion Joe Louis, and Nova had to be satisfied with a match with Tony Galento. I wonder what Lou has to do to convince these folks that he is really grown up, fit to fight anything that walks. He looks as good as any man I've ever seen in the ring. I stick to my prediction—Lou Nova is the next champion of the world.

THE END

Movie-goers you've undoubtedly seen!

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Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free one if ever shrinks out of fit

DREAMS VERSUS QUICK COIN

An East Side boy has to make the choice . . . and there are Hedy and Ginger in other better-than-usual films

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 13 SECONDS
4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ GOLDEN BOY

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Willian Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, Edward S. Brophy, Beatrice Blinn, William H. Strauss, Don Beddoe. Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason, and Victor Heerman based on the play by Clifford Odets. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 101 minutes.

CLIFFORD ODETS wrote of a sensitive East Side boy, a curious mixture of dreamer and materialist. This Joe Bonaparte possesses the soul of a musician and the fists of a fighter and in no time at all he has put aside his fifteen-hundred-dollar violin, bought by his immigrant father with his hard-earned savings, and donned the gloves of a middleweight. He is going to take the short cut to money, but he encounters the dame from Newark, kicked around by a hard world and at the moment the adored of the boy's sleek down-at-the-heels manager.

Odets shows what easy money, gamblers, racketeers, and love do to this son of an Italian storekeeper. That is, until one of his ring blows kills the Chocolate Drop in a Garden fight. Golden Boy is better than the average panorama of smoke-filled training quarters and howling fight mobs. In fact the film steers away from the ring to center upon Joe—and what life does to him. Odets gets close to the soul of the boy who trades dreams for quick coin. His picture of Joe Bonaparte's background—in the crowded rooms behind the little store—has honesty.

The newcomer, William Holden, is surprisingly good as the Golden Boy. You will like Barbara Stanwyck as the Newark siren. Her performance has a real sincerity. And Adolphe Menjou is effective as the fight manager. But the picture is almost stolen by Lee Cobb as Pappa Bonaparte. He makes the old Italian a rich and mellow characterization.

VITAL STATISTICS: The search for a Joe Bonaparte was almost as intensive as the famous quest for Scarlet O'Hara. Then Columbia found Bill Holden right on Paramount's doorstep. Bill was born in 1918 in O'Fallon, Illinois, was taken to South Pasadena when he was four. Dad, a laboratory chemist, was pleased when Bill became interested in bacteriology and entered Pasadena Junior College for preliminary work. Then, in his second year, he played the seventy-year-old Curie in an amateur production of Manya, a study of Mme. Curie. That was last March. A Paramount scout saw the show and offered Holden a screen test. Bill lives with his parents and two brothers in South Pasadena. He's six feet tall, weighs 165, has blue eyes and brown hair. . . . Lee Cobb, who does Pappa Bonaparte, is just twenty-seven. Born in New York. Dad a newspaperman. Started acting at sixteen, although he wanted to be a violinist. Went to night school at the College of the City of New York, thinking then to specialize in aeronautical engineering. Got his acting start with the Pasadena Community Playhouse. In the original New York stage production of Golden Boy he did Mr. Carp, moving up to Pappa Bonaparte with the Los Angeles company. Hopes sometimes to play a character of his own age.

Hedy Lamarr as the Eurasian eyeful, with her adventurous playboy Robert Taylor in Lady of the Tropics.

★ ★ ★ LADY OF THE TROPICS

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Hedy Lamarr, Joseph Schildkraut, Gloria Franklin, Ernest Cossart, Mary Taylor, Charles Trowbridge, Frederic Worlock, Paul Porcasi, Margaret Padula, Grace Hayle, Elise Cavanna, Cecil Cunningham, Natalie Moorhead. Screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 91 minutes.

THE dream girl of 50,000,000 men " reads the billing. For here is Hedy Lamarr, siren of the sophomores, in her first film since Algiers. True, she worked quite a while on one opposite Spencer Tracy, but the result, to be called I Take This Woman, still is on the Metro storage shelves. Results are better here. This yarn of a half-caste girl of Indo-China is theatrically effective. The sultry Manon de Vargnes is none too good, we regret to mention. There is a native potentate back somewhere in the jungle who stands ready to shower elephants and jewels upon her. There is the crafty one-man power of Saigon, one Pierre Delaroch, whose relations with her are not above censure. Then to the port comes the American playboy Bill Carey. In no time at all — twenty-four hours flat, to be exact—a great love flames between Manon and Bill, who never makes his boat. But when she comes to realize that the affair is ruining the handsome lad from the States, Manon takes revolver in hand and sets out, in what they call " the hush of a deep purple night," to eliminate M. Delaroch and her own lovely self.

Robert Taylor is a completely adequate Bill Carey, but the picture hinges entirely upon Hedy as the bad gal of Indo-China. Indeed, your Beverly Hills goes overboard, for Lamarr is the most lureful siren since the films acquired a voice. What if the story is the veriest hectic trash? There is Lamarr, as the Eurasian eyeful, in some twenty glamorous gowns with what the ad writer calls " the languor of the tropics " in her eyes.

Come to think of it, Joseph Schildkraut pretty much overacts the deadly inscrutable Pierre Delaroch, big intrigue-and-leer man of Saigon. But what's the difference? You'll hardly notice. For Lamarr, just by glancing into the camera, makes banality breathless.

VITAL STATISTICS: Need we remind you that Hedy was born in Vienna? Daddy Emil Kiesler was a bank director and Hedy spent her childhood there and in Paris and Berlin. Married Fritz Mandl in 1933, Gene Markey last March. She was briefly a script girl at the Sascha studios when she was sixteen, did her first film in 1930. Those undress scenes in the generally banned film, Ecstasy, made her famous. Hedy dislikes

Friday, stays in bed when Friday falls on the 13th, won't have three on a match. Has chameleon eyes, generally gray green. And she speaks five languages. . . . Mary Taylor, who plays the little rich girl forgotten by Taylor, is a Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur protégée. Played in their film, Sock the Rich, in 1935. . . . Robert Taylor drinks as many as twenty cups of coffee in a day.

★ ★ ★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, James Ellison, Tim Holt, Kathryn Adams, Franklin Pangborn, Louis Calhern, Ferike Boros, Theodor von Eltz, Alexander D'Arcy. Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 83 minutes.

AN amusing fable of a lonely millionaire whose business of manufacturing pumps is tottering because he is tired and his son won't take a hand to help. And his home is equally shaky because his wife and children are too busy with selfish pleasures.

So harassed Timothy Borden picks up a little out-of-a-job shopgirl down to her last park-bench apple, and installs her in his home to pose as a gold digger and arouse the dizzy family. And does the plan work!

You will like Ginger Rogers as the pert missionary for good who sets the household right, and Walter Connolly as the sorely pressed pump Croesus.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gregory La Cava shoots his pictures in continuity of action. That is, the scenes are made in the order you see 'em on the screen later. He believes it's the only way to build characterizations. That is the way he made My Man Godfrey and Stage Door. Hard on a studio, because all the sets have to be kept standing to the very last scene. . . . Tim Holt, son of ex-star Jack Holt, gets his first big role. Started his celluloid career two years ago. . . . Kathryn Adams, who does the spoiled daughter of the Connolly house, was a student at Hamlin University, in St. Paul, Minnesota, until she entered Jesse Lasky's Gateway to Hollywood competition for new film talent. Won a regional prize and now she has an RKO contract. . . . Watch for Ginger Rogers' new modified page-boy bob, three inches shorter than its original. It's som'pin to notice.

★ ★ ★ WHEN TOMORROW COMES
(Universal)

Charles Boyer as a great pianist and Irene Dunne as a waitress in a chain eatery. Love comes on wings of a hurricane but what can they do? He, alas, is wed to a helpless, periodically demented wife. Persuasive, human, and generally effective. (93 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess.

★★★—The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring.

SEE these NEW PARAMOUNT HITS!

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

But His Heart Belongs to Bali . . . Kiss in New York, propose in Nassau, honeymoon in Bali! That's lady killer Fred MacMurray's bright idea the moment he glimpses the golden beauty of that very successful New York career woman, enamorous Madeleine Carroll. But Madeleine happens to be surrounded by a very charming opera singer, Allan Jones. Fred himself has flaming Osa Massen, the most beautiful white woman east of Suez, to contend with, not to mention five (count 'em) Balinese ladies and one Balinese baby (new starlet Carolyn Lee) who claim that Fred's heart belongs to Bali. Does Fred bring Madeleine back to Bali? You'll find the laughing and very loving answer in this smoothest of Paramount's romances, directed expertly by Edward H. Griffith, featuring Akim Tamiroff.

Madeleine Carroll
Fred MacMurray
Carolyn Lee

The NEW "BEAU GESTE"

Grandest Adventure-Romance of them all . . . Of all the big outdoor adventure pictures to thunder from Hollywood this fall, critics and public alike cheer loudest for this new and thrilling version of Percival Christopher Wren's famous romance of the desert. Gary Cooper plays the role of "Beau," gallant soldier of the French Foreign Legion who places honor above life itself. Ray Milland and young Robert Preston, fresh from his success in "Union Pacific," share starring honors with Gary. Brian Donlevy triumphs as the hard boiled Sergeant Markoff. Producer-Director William A. Wellman has created another great Wellman hit.

Gary Cooper as "Beau" Geste

"$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN"

Raye! Raye! Raye! . . . Oh, boy! Here they are. The All-American Fun Team of the Century in a roaring football comedy romance. What a laff! When Martha tries to be Joe's better half. You said a couple of mouthfuls . . . it's more fun than tearing down the goal-posts . . . more exciting than a ticket on the 50-yard line.

Martha Raye
Joe E. Brown

Paramount's Successes!

Don't miss "THE STAR MAKER" . . . with 99 Kids and Bing Crosby . . . Coming Soon . . . Charles Laughton in "JAMAICA INN" and "WHAT A LIFE," the adventures of Henry Aldrich.

Ask your theatre when you can enjoy these PARAMOUNT PICTURES!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

A BROTHER-AGAINST-BROTHER argument concerning women has resulted in one of the liveliest feminine enterprises I know. I refer to Phil Spitalny's All-girl Orchestra, celebrated on the air for their Hour of Charm program. Phil's brother, Leo, a National Broadcasting Company music chief, said *he* didn't think females could be trained to the strict discipline of orchestral work. Phil believed they could, and organized his all-girl outfit to clinch the argument. Recently I lunched with Phil and Evelyn Kaye, who plays first violin for him and looks after the behavior of the other thirty-four damsels. I asked how any one ever could hope to keep such a bevy under control. Here's how . . . Dock their pay between fifty cents and a dollar if they get mad and start fights. Fine them five cents for attempting to weaken the management by crying. A dollar, flat, for being late. . . . All forfeits feed a fund spent eventually on parties for the gang. Midnight is bedtime for every Spitalny girl. Each girl must keep her weight down to 118 pounds. Must get Phil's O. K. before stepping out with any fella. . . . Spitalny girls come from seventeen states, from nearly as many racial origins—colonial American, French, Russian, Polish, Turkish, Greek. Tallest is eighteen-year-old Gypsie Farmer from Indiana, five feet eight; she's a singer. Most versatile is Gertrude Bogard from St. Louis. She plays the piano, violin, xylophone, saxophone, and guitar. . . . Last December all thirty-five girls gave Phil Christmas neckties. He hasn't worn a single one yet, fearing jealousy of the first he happened to favor.

☆ Two stories about the Spitalny girls are fantastic but true. One girl has been supporting her mother and grandmother *since she was five years old.* As an infant prodigy, she first taught music to neighborhood kids at a nickel a lesson. Worked her way to success from playing at cheap dance halls and Hungarian-goulash restaurants. . . . Backstage came a strange young man, announcing he thought one of the girls might be his sister. Investigation proved that he was right. Orphaned in babyhood, they had been separated for years, through adoption by different foster parents. It was their mutually musical instinct that brought them at last together.

☆ Newest Hollywood style surprise is the large jumbo letter in a scarlet-lined envelope, fashioned especially for correspondence by air mail. Your cut-out monogram covers the entire first sheet of the four-page note paper. You write on the three pages behind. Smartest color scheme is light bisque paper with wine-red printing.

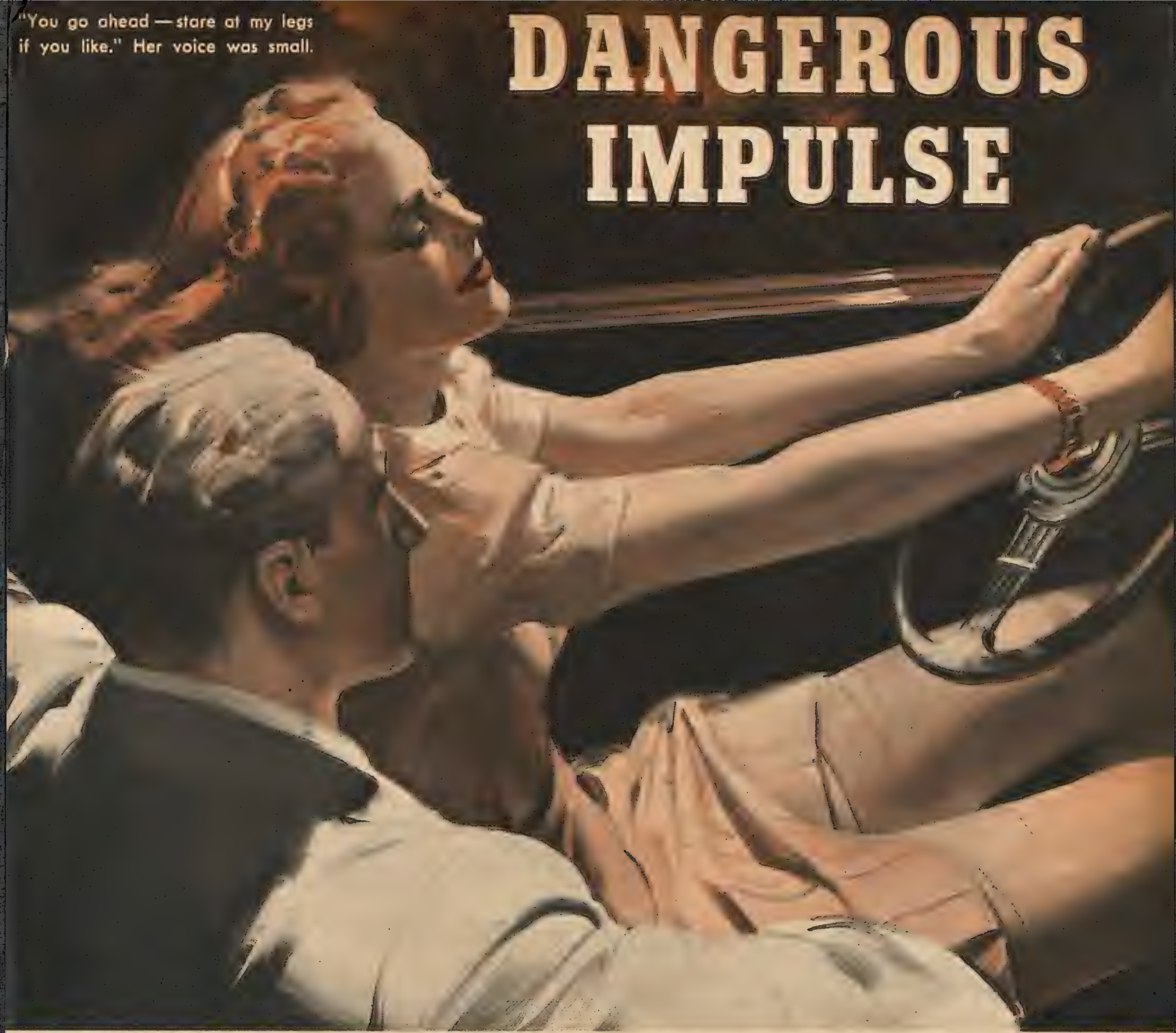
☆ Phoebe Mills has written a useful book telling girls how to *keep* office jobs after getting them, and how to win promotion. Hints to Business Maidens is the title. (Published by the Meador Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Costs $1.)

"I think I'm getting the idea now!"

☆ Superstition, it seems, may still compete successfully with science at the age-old guessing game of trying to predetermine the sex of an unborn child. A few months ago, while tabloid newspapers here were whooping up popular interest in laboratory tests on the subject, Princess Juliana of Holland was having recourse to an ancient necromancy traditional among the Dutch mothers. Awaiting her second baby (her first, you know, was a daughter), she had her wedding ring dangled over her head at the end of a silken thread. If the ring were to swing to and fro, a son, supposedly, could be expected. If it swung in circles, she could anticipate otherwise. Around circled the ring, and, sure enough, the baby was a daughter.

☆ Now that oysters are back in season, I hurry to give you this swell inexpensive recipe for *Fire Island Oyster Hash.* J. George Frederick and Jean Joyce offer it in their splendid Long Island Seafood Cook Book, newly published by the Business Bourse. It makes a delicious substantial dinner for a party of six. . . . Prepare a moist hash of any left-over meat—beef, lamb, etc., including the gravy. To hash, add 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup cooked celery, ½ cup cooked and chopped green peppers, ¼ cup chopped cooked pimentos. Have ready 36 freshly opened oysters. In buttered baking dish arrange a layer of hash, then a layer of oysters, then a second hash layer, then a second oyster layer. Top with a neatly smoothed layer of mashed potatoes. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve piping hot with a green salad on the side.

☆ Bitterly we complain of the discomfort of getting into crowds, yet I think we feel disappointed when the mob scene in which we're crushed doesn't attain to record size. Heard a couple of nice middle-aged ladies from Ohio telling friends about their visit to the New York World's Fair. "We had lovely weather all the time," said one, "and everything we saw was wonderful, but the attendance never reached more than a hundred and seven thousand on any of the days we were there." With regret in her voice, the other Ohio lady said, "Yes, and we understand they had a hundred and fifteen thousand the very day after we left." . . . Ladies hate crowds, of course, as shudderingly as they pretend. But when ladies get into crowds, they want them to be the biggest, the crowdedest, the most worth horrific report.



"You go ahead — stare at my legs if you like." Her voice was small.

DANGEROUS IMPULSE

It rolls along like a breeze—this gay story of elopers mixed up with crooks

BY ERIC HATCH

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

RICHARD THORPE, a professor at Princeton, knows a great deal more about mathematical formulae than he does about life. Suddenly, at thirty-five, he realizes what he is missing. The cause of his awakening is a blonde dancer whom he meets on the campus in the moonlight. Her name is Diana, and she is planning to elope with a student.

It doesn't take Richard long to persuade her to elope with him instead—"in a nice way, of course," as he explains later to the dean when he calls at that dignitary's house to get some money. The dean thoroughly approves of Richard's madness and tells him to take six months' leave of absence.

Richard and Diana go to get Richard's car, a three-wheeled affair given to him by the company which made it as an experiment. In the garage they discover a tough-looking thug trying to steal the automobile. He says he hasn't burglarized anything for years, but he needs the car to get him home to his friends in a triplex apartment in New York. He is called Swazey, and his friends, whose names Diana recognizes, are society people known for their eccentric escapades.

Swazey is touched when he hears that Thorpe and Diana are eloping, and invites them to the triplex. As they are about to start, a policeman arrives and Swazey hits him. When Thorpe protests: "Perhaps you've killed him!" Swazey replies, "Wit' dis little piece of rubber hose? Look—just feel." And to demonstrate, he taps Thorpe on the head.

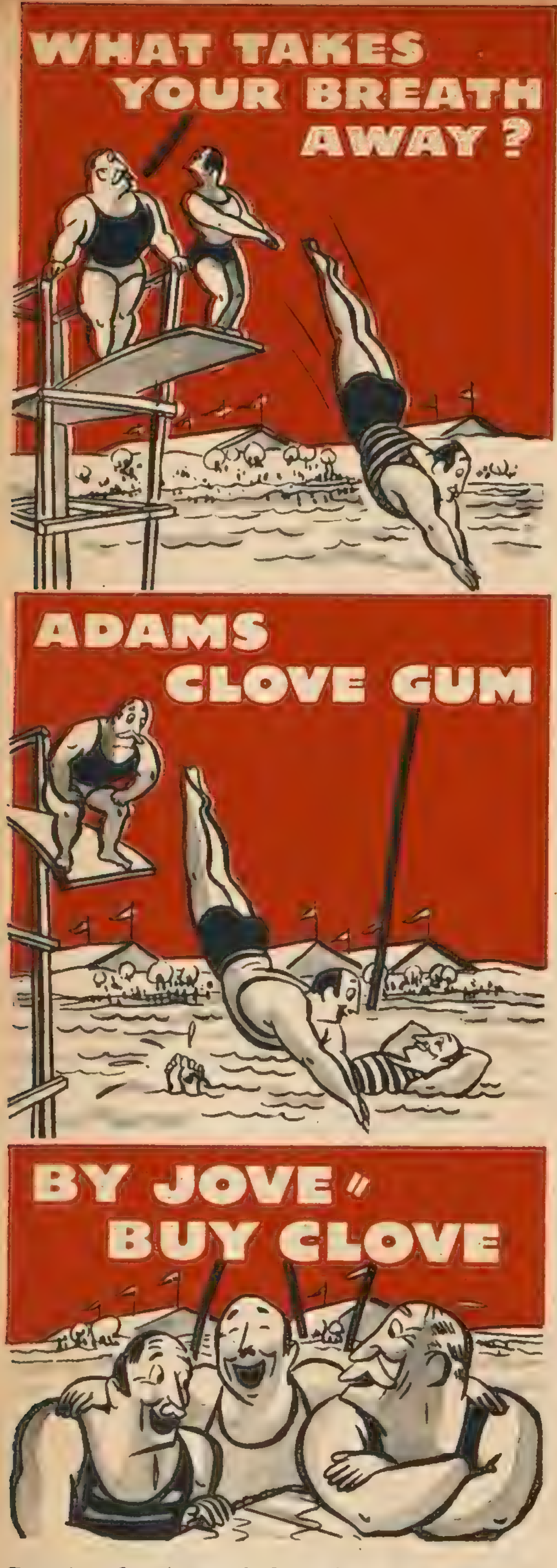
PART THREE—
BORROWED PENTHOUSE

CHEEZ!" said Swazey. "I soit'nly didn't mean to. . . ."

Diana cut him short.

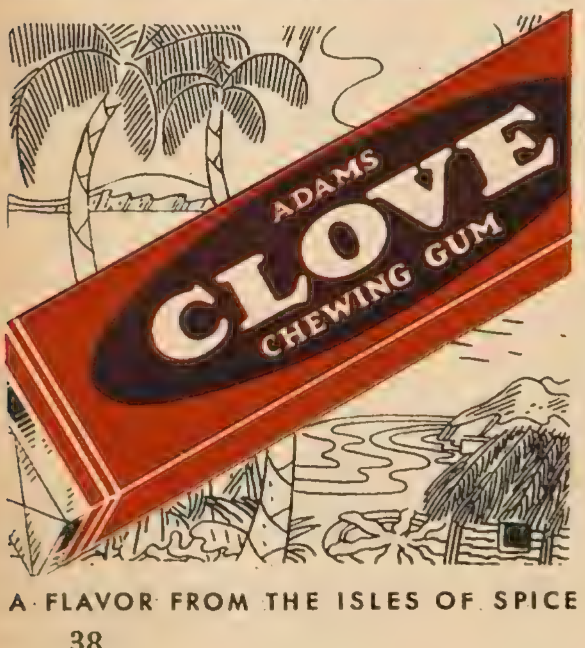
"You clumsy dumb butcher!" she

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO



Get in the swim! Get acquainted with this delightful breath-taker. After lunch, between business calls, before parties—sweeten your breath with Adams Clove Gum. It's handy to carry, easy to use. Keep a package with you always.

The flavor's a surprise and delight. So rich in spice, so smooth, so refreshing! Delicious as old-fashioned spicecake, fresh from Grandmother's oven.



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

said. "Help me move him to this side so I can drive."

A moment later the Dimaxion, its rear end whipping back and forth like a swimming tadpole, was slithering toward the New York road. . . .

Thorpe came to slowly and quietly when the car had traveled some little distance from Princeton. As his eyes opened and fell on the gleaming white of the road where the headlights glazed it, he thought very hard about what his name was and who he was and where he was and what he was doing there. The last two he wasn't able to figure out at first, because the bump on the head had, for the moment, silenced the gypsy orchestra, without whose music tearing through the night with a strange young girl seemed too fantastic to be believable. He didn't speak, because he wanted to reason things out for himself without help. He thought they'd be more apt to stay reasoned out that way.

HE remembered clearly all the circumstances that had brought him here. He remembered that eloping with this girl had seemed the only logical thing to do and that even the dean had thought so. It didn't seem logical now—it seemed crazy. He looked at Diana out of the corner of his eye. She looked, if anything, prettier than she had before. Her golden hair was blowing in the wind; her small face wore a determined expression; her legs, stretched out before her with her skirt blown a little above her knees, were just right. They looked strong enough to get her about successfully and slim enough so she would never have to use them for walking if she wanted to ride.

Thorpe looked at them and looked away, then looked back again. They did something to him. They made him feel again that eloping with her was entirely logical and they made him feel inexpressibly shy. That feeling, he thought, would never do. It was just the sort of thing she'd expect from him. It went with her saying about how it was perfectly all right for her to elope with *him* without marrying him. He turned to speak to her. At the same moment, she realized he was conscious. She took her eyes from the road and rested her hand on his arm.

"All right?" she asked.

Swazey made himself small against the back cushions. He dreaded this awakening. He needn't have. Thorpe didn't hold the bump against him—that was just one of the things you had to expect if you went adventuring. Besides, he was much too busy thinking about Diana to think about Swazey at all. He smiled at her now.

"Sure," he said; "my head's not as delicate as you might think."

"That's good," said Diana. "I was sort of worried about you."

She looked back at the road. Thorpe looked back at her knees. She noticed this and thought to shush him optically. She said, "Do you like my legs?"

Thorpe, to her surprise, didn't shush. It cost him an effort to be so bold, but he said, "Yes, I do. Very much."

"That's good," said Diana. "It would be tough on you if you didn't—now."

"I do like them," he said. Then, apologetically, "But looking at them made me feel I didn't know you at all and that we shouldn't be here together. That's why I kept staring at them."

"Einstein might understand that one," said Diana. "I don't."

"I wanted to get over feeling that way," said Thorpe.

The car did a fishtail waggle. Diana had taken her mind off her work. She wasn't used to men giving the sort of answers this man gave, and it disconcerted her. She got the car under control again, and they drove for a while in silence given over to thought. Presently Swazey could stand his thought no longer.

"Did you?" he said.

"Did who what?"

"I wasn't talkin' to you, miss," said Swazey. "I was talkin' to him. Did you?"

"Did I *what?*"

"Get over it," said Swazey.

"No, he hasn't got over it," said Diana sharply. "And I hope he never does. Now keep quiet. You've done enough harm."

"Why, I wouldn't harm no kitten!"

"Didn't say you did. You harmed Dr. Thorpe, and you harmed that cop . . ." She broke off. An unpleasant thought had come to her. She stopped the car and looked helplessly at Thorpe.

"There'll be an alarm out now—about that policeman," she said. "Oh, Dick, what are we to do? They'll be looking for us!"

"We gotta use tact," said Swazey.

"Oh, *stop!*"

IT was spoken through tears, huskily. Thorpe, very brave, patted her hand and turned on his brains.

"If we head northish," he said, "we can be out of the state in about ten minutes. After that we can find our way to New York around Albany. We'll be perfectly all right unless the man dies."

"Unless . . ." Diana began to cry in earnest. "It's—it's just rotten! I thought for just once—when I met you—I'd got a break; and now—and now—and now . . ."

Thorpe held the hand he had patted.

"Don't worry, kid," he said soothingly. "After all, you didn't murder him. You'd only be an accessory."

"You got a break when you met me, too," said Swazey. "You'll find dat out some day. What's a use of fussin'? I only just rubbed him a little—like dis."

Thorpe ducked. But Swazey this time tapped his own head smartly with the piece of hose. It didn't seem to bother him. Thorpe found time from his comforting to wonder why. He saw that Swazey couldn't possibly have killed the man. He convinced

Diana, using fancy words for bones and force, and sounding very learned. Presently he placed her hand back on the wheel.

"Take the first left," he said, "and then the next main road we come to we'll turn left again. That'll do it, I guess."

Diana started the car. She blinked the tears away and smiled at him.

"I'm sorry I cried," she said. "I didn't mean to be a sissy."

"You're tired," said Thorpe. "Maybe you're hungry, too. When we hit Pennsylvania, I'll get you something to eat, and I'll drive then."

The car moved on. Presently they turned off the highway and on to a country road that was dark with trees on either side of it, and with farms here and there among the trees. They seemed alone in the soft night, for the farmhouses were lightless and so seemed unpeopled. So did the tonneau, for Swazey slept. Thorpe thought about how there in his room he'd envied Livingstone L. Pardee—winding over the gentle hills of Jersey, sleek car, headlights glowworms in the moonlight, his girl close by him. With a start Thorpe realized he was envying himself. He chuckled.

"Don't laugh at me, please don't."

He chuckled again.

"I was laughing at me. I couldn't laugh at you—Diana."

MORE trees, more hills, more moonlight.

"Dick."

"Yes?"

"You go ahead—stare at my legs if you like." Her voice was small.

"I wasn't."

"I didn't mean you were. I just meant I don't mind if you do." She put her hand in his. "You're being so—*nice* to me. I—I guess I'm not used to it."

More moonlight, more trees. They bumped over a rustic bridge, and the noise wakened Swazey. At the other end of the bridge the headlights picked up a sign. It read simply, PENNSYLVANIA. They passed it and were safe—deliciously, comfortably safe. Then Swazey snapped his fingers.

"Now we're in for it!" he said. "We wuz O. K. before. Not now. No, sir."

"What's the matter with now?" asked Thorpe. "We just crossed the state line."

"Dat's it," said Swazey. "Important women."

They looked at him, completely baffled.

"Slow down, Diana," said Thorpe. "Now, you—exactly what's wrong?"

"Important women," said Swazey again; "important women from one state to another f'r immoral porpoises. De *Mann* Act!"

Diana laughed. "Swazey!" she said. "There *aren't* going to be any immoral purp—porpoises."

The burglar scratched his head. This was beyond him.

"Den what're we elopin' for?" he said. "We coulda stayed home."

How I won the Jr. "World Series"!

1 **We had quite a run-in,** Bill and I, at our company's "World Series" between the factory and the office teams. Two out . . . last inning . . . and one of the old-timers hits a long, high one. Bill and I both thought we had it.

2 **We sure got together!** But when I get around to collecting my wits, I'm still holding the ball. "Yippee!" yells Bill. "He's out! We win the game . . . and no bones broken. That calls for a celebration."

3 **"You bet,"** I grin. "Seems to me we ought to Double Our Enjoyment with that rich, straight whiskey with No Rough Edges." And believe me, TEN HIGH and I both made a big hit with Bill!

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH

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90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

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There wasn't any use trying to explain. Both Dick and Diana felt any attempt in that direction would lead to huge embarrassment.

As the sun was dropping behind the Hudson's Palisades, the Dimaxion weaved her way to a stop in front of a large Park Avenue apartment house. A large Park Avenue doorman immediately jumped toward it; for although, due to its full teardrop design, it looked peculiar, it also looked expensive. He flung open the door with enthusiasm. Then the enthusiasm waned.

"Oh," he said, "it's you, *Mister* Swazey."

The way he said it showed that saying it hurt. There had been a time when Swazey, as a side line to his profession, had delivered milk at that apartment house. It galled the doorman now to have to call him mister. He didn't for one little minute believe that all men were created equal, and he thought Bill Swazey had been created way down under the bushes toward the bottom of the list. Diana and Thorpe climbed to the sidewalk and stretched. Swazey nodded coldly to the doorman.

"Cholly, dis is Miss Bedford and Dr. Thorpe."

Diana and Thorpe inclined their heads. They weren't used to being formally introduced to doormen; but then, they weren't used to Swazey. The doorman respectfully tipped his cap.

"Dey're elopers," said Swazey. Thorpe winced. "Send up de luggage, Cholly." He turned to Thorpe. "It's better when you got luggage—always."

Dick Thorpe blushed. He hoped Diana wouldn't notice and was careful not to meet her eyes. On the long trip to New York via Utica, Thorpe had grown to like Swazey. He had found his naïve frankness stimulating. He didn't find it so now at all. It made him feel all the self-consciousness of a bumpkin bridegroom perspiring at the altar. He took Diana's arm and hurried her into the cool tall lobby. Half laughing, she looked up at him and said, "Dick, after all we've been through, you're ashamed of being seen eloping with me!"

"Not ashamed," said Thorpe. "Embarrassed."

"I don't like it," said Diana. "Not a bit I don't. Livingstone L. Pardee wouldn't have been ashamed. He'd have been proud, the yap."

"Dammit," said Thorpe, "I'm not ashamed! I'm embarrassed. I'll be more embarrassed if you go on shouting about Pardee and making a scene."

"*I'm* not making a scene. *You* are!"

The elevator doors opened and the operator stared at them. They didn't notice him. Diana was just about to let fly with some heavy artillery when Swazey, who had silently joined them, nudged the operator and gestured.

"De foist quarrel!"

That put the lid on it. Thorpe took a long angry stride toward the front door. Diana reached out, caught his wrist, and yanked him back.

"Hotcha!" yelled Swazey, and began to sing:

> "Didja ever feel
> Thatcha wanted to go—
> Thenya started to stay—
> Thenya started to go!"

He sang it loudly, with stomping accompaniment from his great feet. It wilted Thorpe completely. Saying, "Oh, come on! Let's go where we can fight in private," he stalked into the elevator. Diana giggled. She had suddenly remembered the worldly importance of this man who was roaring and twitching and being mad because people knew he was eloping with a pretty girl. She followed him into the car, turning her head so that he wouldn't see that she was laughing at him. Diana had left her fears in Jersey. She was herself again. As the doors closed, Swazey said, "Doc, you're right."

Thorpe snapped at him.

"What do you mean I'm right?"

"About you should wait for de second round till we're private. You wuz makin' a exposition of yourself right in de front hall. Dat ain't like you, is it?"

"No, of course it isn't like me," said Thorpe. "I—I'm upset."

"The poor darling's tired," said Diana. "He's just a cranky little boy who hasn't had enough sleep." Thorpe began to breathe hard through his nose and snap his teeth. She put a hand on his arm. "Let's not have the noises, dear."

With a final snap, Thorpe gritted his teeth and tried hard to pretend he was back in Princeton, where he was treated with the respect due to a man of so many letters.

When the elevator could go no higher it stopped and the three of them debarked, Swazey leading the way and Thorpe shooting his jaw muscles in and out. Diana caught his wrist again and held him out of earshot of Swazey.

"Dick," she said. He looked down at her, still shooting the muscles in and out. "Dick, I'm sorry I got mad at you." He didn't answer. She lowered her eyes. "You see, I shouldn't have. After all, you're being—rather sweet about everything and . . ."

She let the words trail off into nothing. Thorpe's jaw stopped working and he felt a quick warmth in his heart. The pleasant feeling that he was a strong man taking care of a little lost fluffy bird stole over him. All his scientific knowledge didn't tell him that this was one of the most dangerous sensations a man can experience and that he ought to look around quickly for an exit. Instead, his face a mess of sentiment, he put his arm tentatively around her shoulders. Classically he said, "Diana, I—I've been a brute!"

Which was exactly what this particular lost fluffy bird hoped he would say, though she hadn't believed any man living in the twentieth century would actually utter such a blowzy statement. She let his arm rest about her shoulders. Then suddenly, shaking with mirth, she said, "Oh, my dear, look!"

Thorpe looked, and although what he saw worried him, he grinned. Swazey was standing bent low over the door of the apartment, and he was working like a little beaver trying to open it with a piece of isinglass he slid in and out in the vicinity of the lock. Thorpe strode forward.

"See here," he said; "you told us you lived here. If you lived here you'd have a key."

Swazey stopped work, sighed as with enormous ennui, and, thrusting a hand in his pocket, brought forth a key.

"Look, doc," he said. "I got a key, see? Here it is. A key. See? *Any* mug can let himself into his house with a key." He returned to his work. "But it ain't professional. It ain't etiquette, that's what it ain't."

Thorpe's grin returned, but he had an uncomfortable thought. If Swazey were as whacky as this, what must his friends be like? He couldn't imagine people in their right minds letting Swazey live with them.

Presently, stepping back with the air of an artist admiring his work, Swazey gave the door a push and it swung open. Thorpe and Diana stepped into the most impressive apartment they had ever seen. They stood still in the hallway, stunned.

THE triplex was apt to stun people. It was so big and so beautiful and so near the sky that it seemed almost not to belong to the rest of the world at all but to be in a separate blue world of its own. It had gardens with real grass and gravel paths and fountains. Thorpe and Diana could see them through the tall French windows at the end of the hall. It had, too, high-ceilinged rooms and living rooms and a dining room on its main floor, and dainty French bedrooms on its second floor, and five servants' rooms on its top floor. Though you couldn't, of course, see all these things from the hallway, what you could see made you know they were there. As penthouse apartments go, this one was the McCoy.

"It's so *beautiful!*" said Diana in the hushed voice of a museum viewer. "Dick, I—I'm scared."

Dick was scared, in a way, too. He felt a sensation of trespassing. When he spoke, he too lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"Let's get out," he said. "We haven't any right here in a place like this."

"Listen," Swazey whispered now. "None of us has any right here. Dat's what I like about it." He snapped his fingers, provoked. "Now you've got *me* whisperin'. Speak up."

But they were staring at him, their eyes wide.

"What do you mean," said Thorpe, "none of us—you—has any right here? Your snappy friends rent it, don't they?"

"Well," said Swazey, "not exactly."

He hung his head and rubbed one ankle against the other. Thorpe's sensation of trespassing gave place to a sensation of sinking.

"What do you mean, 'not exactly'?"

"It's like dis," said Swazey. "One might say we rented it because we lives here. One might say we didn't because we doesn't pay for it. We got it for free."

"Oh," said Thorpe, relieved. "You borrowed it."

Swazey looked up full of happiness.

"Dat's it," he said. "We borrowed it! Ho-ho-ho! Dat's a good one! We borrowed it! Yowzah!" Here he laughed, the laughter bubbling noisily inside him before it came out. "What gives me a kick," he said, "is dat a guy named White don't know it."

Thorpe and Diana looked at each other and nodded.

"And why, Mr. Bones," said Diana, "does it give you a kick because a guy named White doesn't know you borrowed this apartment?"

"Because 'e owns it!" said Swazey, nearly collapsing with laughter.

"That settles it," said Thorpe. "Come on, Diana."

They started for the door. Swazey stepped in front of them. "Nix," he said. "Yurrup."

"Cut it out," said Thorpe.

—what have you got against paying less for fine whiskey?

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"Yurrup," said Swazey again. "It's okie dokie. Dis guy White's in Yurrup. Aw, come on in and meet the folks. They'd be havin' cocktails. They'll be tickled sick to meet ya. C'mon."

Thorpe hesitated. Then it occurred to him that even though the residents of this lovely place had no right to be there, it would be better to be introduced to them as a burglar's protégés than it would to be discovered by them in the middle of a brawl. He gestured to Swazey to lead the way.

IN the library with the fox-hunting picture three people in evening clothes were sitting about in comfortable chairs: a tall handsome dark girl and a small pretty dark girl and a sleek gray-haired man with a tired face. The soft sunset light shone on them through open windows and lent the girls its charm and made the man look sleeker than he really was. A younger man, in tails and white tie, was serving them fancy canapés. He looked as though years ago somebody had asked him a question that he hadn't been able to answer and it still bothered him, but he served in the grand manner.

Thorpe, looking at these people, found it almost impossible to believe that they didn't belong there at all. There was about the tall girl and the sleek man the same air of careless culture that Dean Gear had. The other girl, Thorpe thought, wasn't quite so impressively regal-looking but he felt now doubly trespassing. He was distinctly uncomfortable as Swazey introduced them.

"Folks," he said, "meet Dr. Thorpe an' Miss Bedford. Dey're elopers."

Four pairs of eyes turned on him. Their expressions were curious but not surprised. The tall girl smiled.

"Before or after?" she said. "Marriage, I mean."

Thorpe felt himself blushing. The tall girl seemed pleased. She bowed with dignity.

"I'm Carlotta Preece," she said. "This is Mr. Payton and," gesturing toward the other girl, "in Mexico this is Mrs. Payton. The oaf with the tray is Mr. Preece. Won't you sit down? Maybe we can find more cocktails."

"Why, why, thank you," said Thorpe. Preece held a chair for Diana and then one for him, and left the room. Swazey followed him. Thorpe turned to Carlotta. "You," he said, "are Mrs. Preece, and that," he nodded toward the service door, "is Mr. Preece."

"You catch on," said Carlotta Preece. "Tonight's his night as butler; tomorrow's Harris Payton's night, and the next night's Swazey's."

"Do you mean you haven't any help?" said Diana. "You haven't any hired help at all?"

"None at all," said Carlotta Preece. "Mary, here, and I take turns being upstairs maid and downstairs maid. Swazey cooks—some."

Thorpe was puzzled. He could have understood a bunch of crooks or four-flushers swiping a big apartment and putting on a front and just camping out when nobody was around. But these people weren't camping out. They were living graciously. Besides, they were obviously neither crooks nor four-flushers. Diana had told him that if they were the people she'd read about they were rich. He wrestled with this. His face showed his puzzlement. Presently Carlotta Preece reached over and patted his hand. Diana saw and did not care for it.

"There, there," said Carlotta. "I know what you're thinking, but don't let it get you down. We're really awfully nice people."

She smiled at him with her eyes, and a tiny thrill went through him. Carlotta Preece, when she wasn't trying to embarrass people the way she had when she was introduced to him, had about her some of the quality of a storybook queen. When she patted your hand and smiled with her eyes, you half expected somebody to pop up, tap you on the shoulder with a sword, and bestow a title on you. Thorpe smiled back.

Unaccustomed to the wiles of women, will Thorpe succumb to Carlotta's charms? And what will Diana be doing in the meantime? Life in the hi-jacked triplex proves to be a whirlwind of surprises, and exciting events crowd next week's installment.

THE AMERICAN MAGINOT LINE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Here is America's problem: Our Navy is the first line of defense. Is it strong enough?

By the Hon. CHARLES EDISON

Acting Secretary of the Navy

ALONG the thousands of miles of boundary between the United States and its neighbors no men crouch in cement-lined burrows, grimly and ceaselessly watching the borders above the alert muzzles of guns. Our public parks are not scarred with trenches for emergency refuge against air raids, and in no city do basement doors proclaim shelter from poison gas. So live—at this writing—the peoples of Europe. In England and France, Italy and Germany, men and women and children have had to adjust their routine of normal living to include a constant awareness of danger from invasion.

Americans are free from such constant reminders of danger yet the danger from war in Europe extends to the Americas, and the broad oceans which still are a natural bulwark against foreign aggression are also avenues for an enemy, avenues made into a speedway by the development of aviation.

The same combination of wings, motors, brains, and daring which makes it possible to carry tons of freight and passengers across the oceans makes possible the transportation of tons of explosives. The menace of perverted human ingenuity which can leap over the sea on wings is matched by submarines darting under the sea. Airplane carriers, for that matter, can, if not completely opposed, bring hundreds of bombers to cripple industries and communications far inland. Altogether, we now have to string a few strands of barbed wire along the tops of our natural barriers. The United States must have a Maginot Line of impenetrable defense. It is being built!

Our essential task is to make it impossible for an invader to obtain a foothold on this side of the earth. Those who might attack us must, unless they come determined to die after doing as much damage as they can inflict, maintain an uninterrupted flow of supplies from their homeland. To defend ourselves successfully, we Americans must make this end of the sea lanes a dead-end street, so that no enemy can get over, under, around, or through to bomb the mainlands or—biggest defense problem of all—destroy the Panama Canal and thereby leave either coast without naval defense.

Given a rim of coastal defenses capable, in conjunction with the fleet, of stopping a direct assault upon the continent, the safety and peace of Americans are secured. Denied this safety belt, a navy twice the size of our eventual strength would be as handicapped as a heavyweight champion with both eyes blackened and closed.

This year the Navy Department has begun to fill the gaps in the existing rim of defenses; to provide the three coasts of the United States with overlapping areas of protection. It is a program integrated with the War Department's expansion of the Panama Canal's armed security, to make that life line unbreakable. By direction of President Roosevelt, after his July conferences with Admiral Wiliam D. Leahy, retiring chief of naval operations, and other high ranking officers, about $20,000,000 is being immediately invested to begin building and correlating new air bases and strengthening existing ones.

When the full program is eventually completed, at a cost several times that of the money available this year, the continental United States will be surrounded by a belt of invisible chain mail. Every approach to the United States or its neighbors by sea or air will be under surveillance. Scouting airplanes will exist in force to detect an enemy's approach. Combat airplanes and bombers will be ready to harry and delay the invaders while the main force of the Navy and the Army mobilize for action. Submarines and mine layers will go to work from all the bases within the zone of probable combat when the alarm is given.

Every portal to the northern half of this hemisphere is going to be equipped, so to speak, with "electric eyes" to slam the door and give warning of intrusion.

To most persons, and especially to those who live in the interior, the Navy Department is imagined to concern itself wholly with warships; and that, of course, is the Department's main business. But battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and airplanes are no stronger than their bases. With the growth in importance of airplanes as offensive and defensive weapons, the importance of dry land to naval operations has multiplied. So, too, has the importance of the submarine increased as a defense against attacks by air; for one of the jobs we rely upon the underwater craft to perform is to evade the defenses of airplane carriers and, by sinking them, to render the invading airplanes homeless and consequently total losses.

Of course the Department's first task was to provide the United States with an adequate fleet of fighting ships. We have building or under contract eight battleships which will include some of the largest ever launched, two aircraft carriers, and five cruisers. About one fourth of our twenty new submarines are completed, and more than a third of our forty-two new destroyers. Besides these the Navy is in process of acquiring twenty-four vessels of other categories, such as tenders and tugs, and half a dozen of the exceedingly swift little motor torpedo boats. Most of the job of giving the United States a fleet second to none is well begun. Now we are entering upon the task of backing up the fleet with the bases it will need, and that we expect to have finished before the new fighting ships are all afloat.

Spaced around the United States,

from New London, Connecticut, to Sitka, Alaska, the navy already has more than a score of such bases. Some are all-purpose establishments, some for submarines only, others for airplanes or destroyers or for the several combinations of these three. Not included in this figure are the Hawaiian bases, which are in a class by themselves.

We are adding immediately a new air base at Jacksonville, Florida, and aviation-submarine bases at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Kodiak, Alaska. Eventually we expect to build air and submarine bases at Quonsett, Rhode Island, Corpus Christi, Texas, and Unalaska. That will give us, with the fleet at sea, our Maginot Line of overlapping chain-mail defense, the greatest guarantor of peaceful security we have ever had, or can have without going to jittery extremes.

IF I have emphasized the potential duties of aircraft, submarines, and destroyers operating from this augmented girdle of defenses, it has been to explain what we are *preventing.* We are not getting ready for a war! We are making an attack upon the United States and its neighborhood so unlikely to succeed that *nobody is going to try it.* I interrupt this theme, which I hope the readers of Liberty will accept as an informal and untechnical report to the American people, emphatically to declare that we are not getting ready to fight anybody.

We are getting ready so nobody will try to fight us, or to dispossess our neighbors by force as a prelude to knocking us down.

If the key to American safety is the Panama Canal, then the keyhole is the Caribbean Sea. Most of us think of the United States as having *two* seacoasts, the Atlantic and the Pacific. We tend to forget the third, and southern, coast. The pretzel-shaped body of water formed by the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico is now considered to be the most likely focus of attack upon us. Consequently this area is getting the concentrated attention of the builders of our defenses. The hitherto almost defenseless West Indies, taking as a whole the arc of islands stretching from Florida to Venezuela, might provide a maze of shelters for raiding submarines, or easy steppingstones for invading aircraft.

Remember, it is only 1,620 miles across the Atlantic to South America, and 2,530 overseas miles to the heart of the West Indies, with tail winds all the way. By that route the core of continental United States and the Mississippi Valley is bared. The Navy is plugging this gap, not with ships particularly, but with air and submarine bases of which Puerto Rico is the most important.

As at the Panama Canal, the Puerto Rico defenses are a synchronization of the Army and Navy, with emphasis on aviation. The importance of the work there is made graphic by President Roosevelt's appointment of Admiral Leahy to be governor of the territory immediately upon his retirement as chief of naval operations. Principally the Army's interest will be in a sizable force of long-range bombing planes to destroy any hostile concentrations in the islands or the mainland south.

The Navy will maintain a diversified aviation force and submarine fleet, for both of which Isla Grande, in San Juan harbor, is being taken over by the Department. When completed there will be facilities for one airplane carrier and auxiliary vessels, and for two patrol-plane squadrons, each capable of being doubled immediately. Berthing for the carriers and a strategic number of submarines is being provided by extensive filling in and construction of a breakwater at the harbor entrance. Of course large provision must be made on shore for fuel and ammunition stores, machine shops, hospitals, living quarters, and the like.

At St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, a step to the eastward, the existing limited aviation facilities are being expanded and modernized to accommodate a full Marine squadron of eighteen airplanes, a tender vessel, and personnel.

Consider that up to now the territory was bare of defenses. In fact, the West Indies and the southeast coast of the United States had only the naval base at Guantánamo Bay, leased from Cuba, as its protection.

Now the American West Indies will become to the United States all that Gibraltar has been to Great Britain.

Guantánamo Bay's most important use is for fleet operations. It is here that our larger fighting ships may concentrate in the event of a threat against the Atlantic side. Whether in war or at maneuvers, the concentration of ships makes large-scale operation of seaplanes difficult and usually dangerous. We are constructing a landing field for small airplanes to serve as an intermediate station between the outer bases at Puerto Rico and St. Thomas and the mainland, to which we now turn our attention.

At Key West, on Florida's tip, is a naval station now closed but which is to be rehabilitated for instant use when needed, as a base for submarines particularly. Florida is witnessing a great deal of onshore naval activity. The aviation training station at Pensacola will eventually be expanded to increase its capacity by half, and we propose sometime to duplicate that establishment on the opposite side of the gulf at Corpus Christi, Texas.

Meanwhile we are going ahead to build at Jacksonville, Florida, a naval aviation base even stronger than the one in Puerto Rico. It will be the home of two carrier groups and three patrol squadrons, yet roomy enough to accommodate twice as many ships and airplanes in an emergency. Two utility squadrons of naval aircraft will also be based at Jacksonville, besides the necessary shops for overhaul and repair, and other buildings.

Jumping now to the Pacific side of our defense problem, we find that while Nature was not so kind as to provide a screen of islands for our vulnerable spots, she did give us the protection of the widest stretch of waters on the globe. Coco Solo, in the Canal Zone, is the base for approximately 100 naval airplanes which are computed as an integral part of the fleet defending this vital artery. At Balboa, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, is a potential submarine base; but the recently established naval station there is principally an administrative set-up, a branch office of the Naval Department, let us say.

From the Canal Zone to San Diego, in Southern California, is the longest break in our chain-mail belt of defenses. Between these points lie Mexico and the five nothern republics of Central America.

But from the Mexican border to the tip of Alaska our overlapping zones of defenses are, or shortly will be, without a chink, while the outposts of the Hawaiian Islands make that territory the equivalent of an unsinkable fleet a third of of the distance across the Pacific.

VERY often the demand is voiced in Congress or from the public, that the United States acquire, by purchase or as debt retirement, strategic territory such as the British or French West Indies or the islands in the Pacific owned by Mexico, Costa Rica, and Ecuador. That, of course, is none of the Navy's business. I mention it because I anticipate the reader's question. The Navy's job is to do the best it can with what is available. Territorial expansion is something for Congress, the State Department, and the President to consider, and to attempt to negotiate if deemed wise.

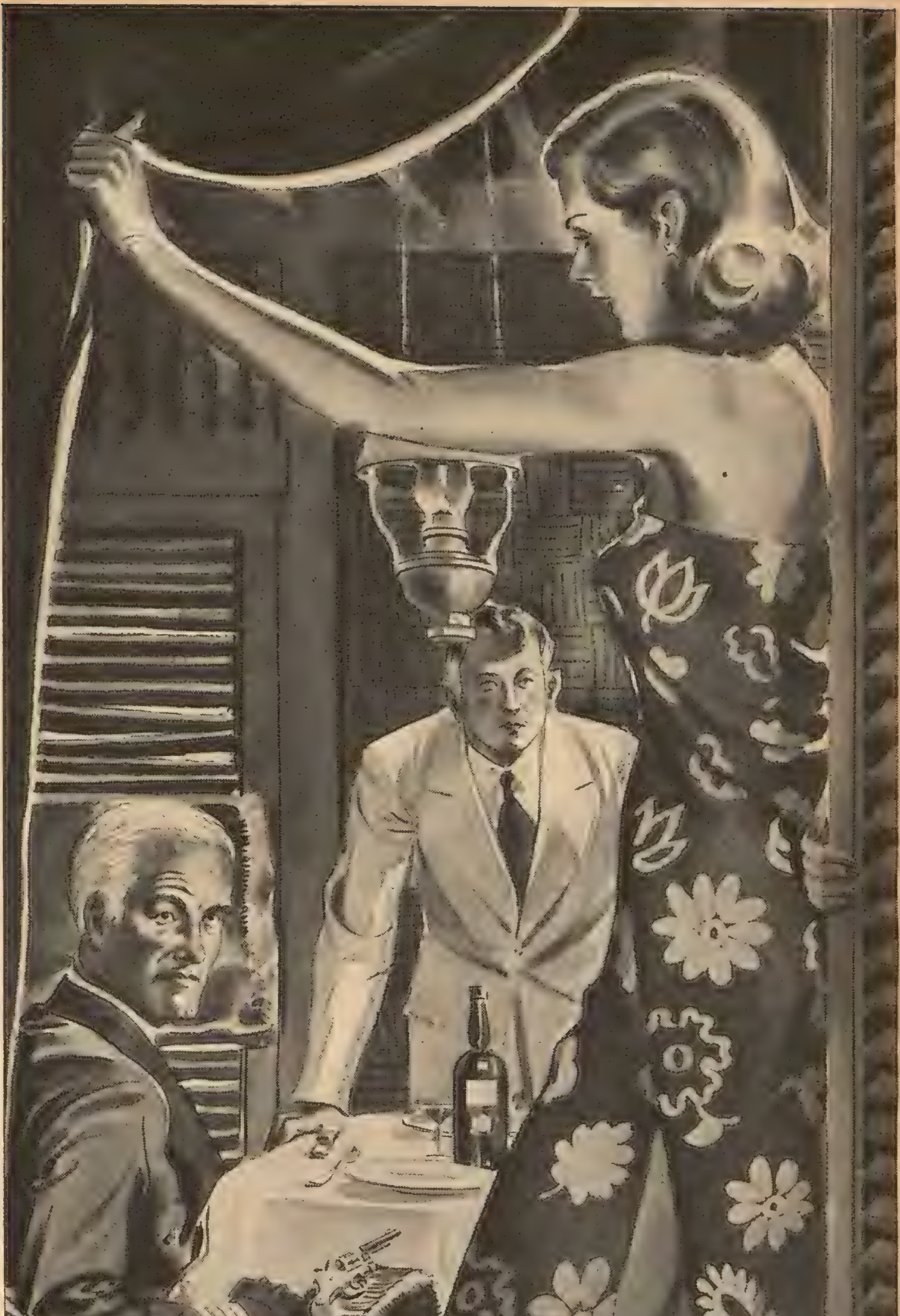
Without expressing an opinion on the subject, I can say that when the present program of defensive bases is completed, and the ships, the airplanes, the men and materiél are available, the United States and its neighborhood will breathe easier and will have done a good job of canceling any threat from any quarter.

For that security we are indebted to the foresight of President Roosevelt and the devotion of the late Secretary of the Navy, Claude A. Swanson, who stuck to his job through its most critical period despite a desperate and eventually fatal illness, like a sorely wounded captain refusing to leave the deck of his ship.

Our new ships and bases, as the Navy's estimate goes, are the best guaranties of our peace and security in a troubled world. It is the Navy's hope that they will never be engaged in hostile action—the Navy's conviction that, if war is forced upon us, we are now equipped for victory at the least cost of wealth, life, and time.

THE END

THE ISLAND TRADER



She laughed. "My past," she said. "What a pretty picture! Two old fools."

Years he waited for revenge on the man who stole his wife—and then—

BY CHARLES HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

THE island was called Ao, from the cloud which hung about its central hill. During the forenoon a schooner worked in from the horizon. She was a typical trader, her white paint streaked with rust, her masts bleached gray by long exposure to the tropic sun. Near the land she got a shift of wind and stood straight for the gap in the beach where a stream emptied through and smoke rose above the wall of trees.

The mate climbed to the masthead to choose a passage among the offlying shoals and sand bars. The skipper leaned both elbows on the rail and stared from under the brim of a large thick pith helmet.

The skipper went by the name of Sprague, John Sprague.

He was a short man with a large head. When he removed his helmet to fan himself, his face was pasty compared to the brown of his bare arms. Long, fine gray hair clung to his bulging skull.

He moved away from the rail to the main companionway as the schooner slipped into the river's mouth. The thatched huts of a village showed among palms, and at the landing place a crowd of natives were launching their canoes. Excited laughter echoed across the water. Sprague pushed back the hatch and went below.

As the fleet of dugouts surrounded the ship the mate descended from the masthead by sliding down the throat halyard. The crew addressed him respectfully as Mr. Webb, but he was only a boy. He was tall and overgrown. A loose undershirt hung outside the belt of his dirty duck pants. He wore a white-topped yachting cap with a cracked visor on the back of his head, and his nose was peeling from sunburn. He had a long, humorous face, and an easy laugh as he invited the people in the canoes to come aboard and help furl sails and get the

anchor down. Being fluent in the native language, he mingled with them intimately, joking and asking questions. He caught their excitement when one of them jumped on to the rail and pointed toward the village.

Webb hurried aft and leaned across the roof of the deckhouse to put his head through the cabin skylight.

"John," he said. "Hey, John! Their trader's on his way out. Cripes. Wait till you see him!"

The skipper was busy laying out stock on the table in the middle of the cabin. The chests which stood against the walls were open. They contained a great collection of bright cotton fabrics and shoddy clothing and cheap jewelry, cooking utensils and shiny knives, tobacco and cans of milk and salmon.

He said, "What's the matter with him?"

"He's all dolled up like the Prince of Wales," Webb said. "The people here think he's a little tin god. They worship him."

"No little tin god is going to do me out of my business," Sprague said. He began to shut and lock the chests.

"Maybe he thinks it's his business too," Webb said. "With this gang on deck, we don't want any trouble."

He withdrew his head and called the schooner's native bosun and gave orders that no one was to be allowed aft while the visiting trader was aboard.

The newcomer's canoe approached and bumped against the ship's side. A man said, "May I come aboard?"

The skipper threw back his head and stared up through the skylight. He said, "Who's that?"

"It's the Prince of Wales to see King John," Webb said. He started to laugh. He stopped short as he glanced down into the skipper's face. Sprague looked as though he had been hit in the pit of the stomach.

Webb turned and watched their visitor climb slowly over the rail.

THE man had a round mild face with pale blue eyes. He stared about stupidly and finally moved aft along the ship's rail.

"Don't mind me," Webb said. "I'm just the mate here."

The man turned. "I'm sorry I didn't see you," he said. "The fact is I'm practically blind. I apologize."

He held out his hand. Webb put his own hands in his pockets. "I don't see so well either, come to think of it."

"My name's Mandell," the stranger said. "I didn't intend to offend you. I can't focus on anything more than a foot away."

He stepped forward unexpectedly and thrust his face close to the boy's. "You're young," he said. "Sorry to startle you. I haven't seen a white man's face in nearly a year."

Webb drew back and clenched his fist. Then he looked over his shoulder at the gallery of natives amidships. Finally he smiled. "It must be hell to be blind," he said. "My name's Webb. Mate of this here Silver Swan. You'd better come below."

He moved around to the companionway and swung himself into the opening to drop down into the cabin.

He found himself staring into the muzzle of a revolver in John Sprague's right hand. Sprague stood across the little room with his back to the bulkhead holding the revolver to cover the square of sky in the open hatch. He held up one finger for silence and motioned the boy to a seat on one of the chests.

Mandell's legs and white shoes appeared at the top of the companion ladder. He turned and came down backward. At the bottom he swung around to face the room. His glance passed over Sprague and the revolver without the slightest sign of notice. He frowned anxiously. "It seems dark here," he said. "Mr. Webb?"

The boy gripped the edge of his seat, unconsciously braced against the explosion of the gun.

Mandell felt behind him for the steps. He said, "I don't understand. Have I made some mistake?"

Sprague motioned to Webb to answer.

"Make yourself at home," Webb said, in a voice that was harsh from the contraction of his throat.

"Ah," Mandell said. "It makes a man so helpless not to see. Are we alone here, Mr. Webb? Is the captain here?"

WEBB looked at the skipper. Sprague shook his head.

"He's asleep," Webb said. "He left orders not to be disturbed."

"I'm sorry," Mandell said. "I wanted to make him welcome to Ao. He ought to do well with his trading here. We haven't had a ship for a long time and my store is bare. There's enough copra ready and waiting ashore to make a load for this schooner. I want him to know that he'll get no opposition from me. It's my bad luck, but I'm glad to have my people get the things they need. In fact I hoped I might get something from you myself."

He stared around the little room, holding his head forward as though he could get closer to the thing he looked for.

"I'm not blind, you understand," he said. "Exaggerated myopia, they call it." He paused and rubbed his eyes with the heel of his hand. "I hoped . . ." he said. "Well, you know some traders carry glasses in their stock. I hoped you might have something. Anything. Anything that will help."

There was a tray of glasses among the goods on the table. Most of them had plain glass in cheap gilt frames, but a few were designed to correct the usual deficiencies of sight. One pair had very thick lenses. Webb reached out for them, but he saw Sprague's sudden motion and he looked up into the muzzle of the gun. He forced a smile and winked broadly to show that he understood. He said, "We ain't got any."

"I hoped . . ." Mandell started again. He stopped and rubbed his eyes. "I can pay, you know. For anything that will help. It's been almost a year now. And I had two pair, but they were both broken."

The despair in his voice convinced even Sprague. Laying his gun very quietly on the table, the skipper leaned back against the wall.

"Sorry, old man," Webb said. "We just plain forgot to fetch along the goggles."

"You're young. You don't know what it means," Mandell said. "But I might as well be getting back. Would you and the captain care to come ashore for supper? My wife and I would be glad to have you both."

"Your wife?" Webb said. He smiled, but he looked at Sprague and the smile vanished. Sprague nodded. "Sure," Webb said. "He'll come. He's sick of ship's fare."

Mandell felt behind him for the companion ladder. "By the way," he said, "what is the captain's name?"

"John Sprague," Webb said.

MANDELL said he had never heard it before. He climbed the ladder and the two in the cabin heard him shuffle across the deck and clamber over the rail into the waiting canoe.

"His wife," Sprague said softly. "That's my wife," he said. "That's my wife that he stole. That's him. I knew I'd find him somewhere, hiding in these islands."

"Your wife?" Webb said.

"He stole her," Sprague said. "And he put me in jail for ten years to do it. Two years I've been hunting for him. Twelve years I've waited for this day. Do you think he suspected I was here?"

"No fear," Webb said. "He wants to be friends. Didn't you hear what he said about the trade? Listen, John. Why don't you wait another day and take the trade too? You've got him right where you want him. He's got a good thing here and there's no sense to throw it all away."

"Wait?" Sprague said explosively. "I can barely wait until tonight. What do I care for trade with them ashore? What's it to you? It ain't your trade."

"I only want to see the cruise come out successful, John," Webb said. "I've got more interest than just to draw my pay. Ain't we friends?"

Sprague turned away. "There's bigger things than trade." He seemed to forget the boy and he paced the length of the cabin. To himself he said, "Lily in a place like this!"

"That's the wife?"

Sprague stopped. "You keep out of this," he said. "You wouldn't understand. You don't know anything of women."

"There's no place for women when you're in this business," Webb said.

"This business!" Sprague said. "Me—when I was your age I wouldn't have wiped my feet on a ship like this. We had a house and servants and a motorcar when I was your age."

"Servants and a motorcar?" Webb said. "You told me you were a pay-roll clerk—for the Australian Oil."

"That's right. But she was smart, Lily was. She needed money and she found the way to get it. I had the main pay roll. Whenever a man was fired in the branch offices I kept his name on my sheet and drew his pay myself. Sometimes it was worth two hundred quid a month. You wouldn't understand."

"I can understand two hundred quid a month," Webb said.

"You've never even seen a girl like her," Sprague said. "She was going up in the world. She was going to be a lady. She was in a fair way to make a gentleman of me, given another year or so. That Mandell was born a gentleman. He was an engineer and belonged to all the clubs and things. Lily needed somebody like that to pull her up. Then he found out about me. Somehow he wormed the secret from her, and the next day there was a letter to the company telling them to check their books. He wanted her and he was too yellow to fight fair. He didn't even sign his letter. After they had me behind the bars, he boasted that he wrote it."

"And then she went off with him?" Webb said.

"He took her. She didn't have no choice."

"She blabbed, didn't she? And still you're sorry for her. You sound like you'd take her back. Great heavens, John, you don't want to take her back! There's no place for a woman on an island trader."

"With her, I wouldn't be a trader long."

"Break up the cruise?" Webb said. "What about me?"

"The hell with you."

WEBB pulled a bandanna from his pocket and wiped his face and rubbed his hands.

"You're crazy, John," he said. "You don't think she'd come back to you after you kill the man she's had for twelve years?"

"She never loved him," Sprague said. "She'll come back all right."

"How do you know she doesn't love him now?" Webb said. "He's a good-looking man. Everybody loves him here, even the natives. I'll bet she's grown old and fat and devoted. You don't want her back, John."

"You keep out of this."

"I can find out about her. I'd better go ashore and have a look around," Webb said. "We ought to make a plan."

"I've got my plan," Sprague said. "I'll give him the glasses first. I want him to see me. Then I'll kill him. We can make a break for the ship."

"Then what about her?"

"How can I decide until I know?"

"I'll find out anything I can," Webb said.

He got up and climbed the ladder to the deck. Sprague heard him shouting to the crowd of native visitors and ordering them ashore. "No trade today, boys," he said. "You'll have to wait till tomorrow to get your presents for your girls." He had a ★

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way with the natives. He always made them laugh.

Then there was the creak of davit blocks and the splash of the boat landing in the water. Webb's voice said, "Let's go."

After a while Sprague took his big helmet and climbed halfway up the ladder to put his head and shoulders above the level of the deckhouse roof. The lagoon was deserted. At the village landing place the dugouts were hauled up on the bank. The ship's boat was moored to the wharf. Everything was in complete repose.

Sprague went below to his own cabin and shut the door. From under his bunk he pulled a suitcase and took out of it a photograph. He sat on the edge of the bunk holding the picture.

It was of a girl. She was young. At first glance she seemed childishly pretty. Her eyes were lowered and her lips a trifle parted. Her hair, even in the black and white of reproduction, looked soft and lustrous and golden. It fell in a cascade to her shoulders, where it curved outward.

But the picture was curiously lifeless, as though it had been retouched to superimpose a false impression. Her smile was childlike but her mouth was hard at the corners. The droop of her eyelids was almost shrewd. And the composition of the whole was carefully arranged to display against her neck a star-shaped earring.

Sprague held the picture to the light and examined the piece of jewelry. Then he opened the suitcase to put the thing away. He changed his mind and tore it into fragments and dropped the pieces on the floor.

Late in the afternoon he heard the sound of oars as the boat returned.

HE got up and opened his cabin door as the boy came down the ladder. Webb had pulled his cap forward over his eyes. His face was flushed.

"What's the matter with you?" Sprague said. "Did you see her?"

"You wouldn't feel so good, either, if you'd seen what I did," Webb said. "Cripes, John. She reminds me of my own mother. And there they were sitting out on the porch like a couple of turtledoves."

"Maybe it ain't Lily."

"It's her all right. The people say he calls her Lillian. And she's a blonde, ain't she?"

Webb took out his bandanna and wiped away the sweat that ran down to his chin. "Listen, John," he said. "I guess I ain't got the stomach for this kind of thing. It don't seem right."

"It's all right with me," Sprague said. "You keep out of this." He took a step toward the boy.

"Maybe I'd better not go up there to his house at all," Webb said. "That part is none of my business. Maybe I'd better wait at the landing and have everything ready for the getaway."

"If you're yellow, that's all right with me, too," Sprague said.

"I'll go a long way for a friend like you, John," Webb said. "But I won't be no good up there."

"I said all right, didn't I?" Sprague said.

He went to his cabin and took a shoulder holster from a drawer and put it on. He put over it an officer's coat with brass buttons. The coat was old and big for him.

He rolled up the pair of thick-lensed glasses in the handkerchief and put them in his breast pocket.

Webb emerged from the other cabin wearing a jacket that was tight and revealed the shape of the revolver on his hip.

Without a word they went on deck. The sun was almost down to the treetops. The ship stirred slightly in the evening breeze. Webb called the bosun and explained that they might have some trouble ashore and he wanted the ship ready to sail at an instant's notice. Webb and Sprague climbed into the ship's boat with the other two of the crew to row them ashore.

CHARLES HUBBARD

graduated from Harvard in 1924, worked as an engineer, a builder, and an architect, and then took up exploration. He went on two flying ventures to Labrador, and later sailed on his schooner, Zavorah, to the Galapagos. He is married to Dorothy Speare and lives on Cape Cod.

Webb said he would wait in the boat at the landing place. He said if they left the two men alone they would go off to find some girls in the village. Sprague did not seem to hear. His face was very pale. He stood up in the boat and carefully examined the shore as they approached.

The skipper followed a path through a grove of coco palms to a low rambling house with a sheet-iron roof. There was a garden and a veranda and the door stood open.

Mandell came on to the veranda. He wore a fresh white suit. He said, "Is that you, Captain Sprague?"

Sprague said, "Yes." He stopped at the foot of the steps. He kept his hand inside his coat on the butt of the revolver. He said, "Webb can't come. He ain't feeling so good."

"I'm sorry," Mandell said. "Won't you come in, captain?"

There was no sign of recognition, no hesitation. He spoke quietly and maintained a cordial smile. He went inside and Sprague followed.

A table in the center of the room was laid for four with thick white crockery. In a corner stood a roll-top desk, but the rest of the furniture was native-made.

Mandell crossed the room and stood behind one chair while he offered another to his guest. Sprague sat down and took out his revolver and laid it on the chair arm at his fingertips. He removed his helmet and dropped it on the floor. His eyes never left the other man's round mild face.

Mandell went to the desk and produced a box of cigars from a drawer. He placed the cigars on a corner of the table and invited the captain to help himself. He brought a glass jar full of matches. It was already getting dark in the room and he struck a match and lit the hanging lamp over the table. He peered closely at the flame to adjust the wick, but otherwise he moved and acted as easily as a man with normal sight. He talked cheerfully about the island of Ao, his island, he called it, and about the plantations he had started, and the difficulties of persuading the people to work. He asked questions once or twice and hardly seemed to notice that he got no answer.

SPRAGUE sat rigidly upright. He half rose when the curtains of a doorway at the end of the room were pushed aside. It was only a native boy with a tray and glasses and a bottle of sherry.

"Sorry I can't offer whisky. This is the last we have," Mandell said. Holding a glass at the level of his eyes, he filled it and offered it to Sprague. Sprague did not move. Mandell put down the glass on the arm of the chair beside the revolver.

Sprague snatched the weapon and jumped to his feet.

"You can see as good as me," he said. "What's your game, Mandell?"

"I have lived in this room six months in semidarkness, captain," Mandell said calmly. "In a sense perhaps I see, for I have a strong memory. And nothing changes here. Even the chairs are fastened to the floor. This has been my prison, captain. You ought to understand."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're John Spiers, aren't you?" Mandell said. "I suspected it this afternoon. I could feel your presence in the cabin. I could hear you breathe. Your voice has changed."

He waited. Sprague did not answer.

"Is that a revolver in your hand?" Mandell said, leaning forward and staring intently. Then he rubbed his eyes. "You don't understand," he said. "Nothing you can do will be as bad as going slowly blind. Lately I have wished to kill myself."

Sprague smiled. He said, "This time I'm cleverer than you." He took the handkerchief from his pocket, unfolded it, and held the glasses toward Mandell. "Glasses, Mandell," he said. "I had them in my stock. Now I can let you see—for a moment."

Mandell reached out, and then withdrew his hand. "No," he said. "Not that."

"They're on the arm of the chair, in case you change your mind," Sprague said, putting the glasses down beside his untouched wine.

Mandell heard the light tinkle and looked in the direction of the sound. But he did not move.

Sprague said, "Where's Lily?"

"That's why you hesitate!" Mandell said. "I should have known. I'll call her."

He moved toward the curtained doorway. He paid no attention to Sprague's command to stop. He pulled aside the curtain and called, "Lillian!"

"She never answers," he said, returning to the corner of the room. "She hates me. She hated you too, though you were blind then as I am now. She hates this island. I gave up everything to find a place where she could do no further harm. I came to love it here in spite of her, and for a while I even hoped she'd change. She'll never change."

He reached for the sherry bottle. His hand trembled and he overfilled the glass. He drank quickly. He said, "We should be friends instead of enemies."

"Lies," Sprague said. "I know the truth."

MANDELL said, "When she found that I was happy here, she broke my glasses."

"You're a smart one," Sprague said. "You've got imagination. But you don't fool me. I ain't forgetting that you wrote that letter."

"The letter?" Mandell said. "I had forgotten. Of course you think I wrote the letter. Of course. . . ."

His voice trailed off as though it was useless to continue. He crossed to one of the chairs and sat down. He got up again.

"Can't you understand?" he cried. "*She* wrote that letter. I had to take the blame. She wanted to get rid of you because she thought I was a better bet. She'll tell you. She's proud of it. She uses it to torture me."

He raised his head, listening. Sprague turned to face the end of the room as the curtain was pushed aside.

"You have a friend here, Lillian," Mandell said.

"John," the girl said.

She looked at Sprague an instant. Then she laughed. It was light and gay and silvery.

"My past," she said, looking from one man to the other. "What a pretty picture! Two old fools."

She sauntered out of the room. They heard her go down the veranda steps.

"Twelve years and she's exactly the same," Sprague said, staring through the door. "Even the same earrings."

"She's gone out," Mandell said.

"Webb!" Sprague said, suddenly catching the other's arm. "That's it, of course. She's gone to him. Webb's next."

"Wait," Mandell said. "Wait."

Sprague did not listen. He ran outside.

After a while Mandell went to the chair where Sprague had left the glasses. He felt along the arm carefully. He sat down, holding the glasses in his hand. He did not put them on. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

He heard footsteps on the veranda and sat up again. Sprague stood in the doorway.

"They got away?" Mandell said.

"Yes," Sprague said. "The boat was gone. I could hear them hoisting sail and taking in the chain. I tried to launch a canoe. And there's still time. Get me some men to handle a canoe!"

"You'll get no one here to help you bring her back," Mandell said. "I only hope he can make the channel in the dark."

"He's stealing everything I've got!" Sprague cried. "My ship!"

"I thought of that," Mandell said. "I'll give you half my island for your ship. For your ship and these." He held up the pair of glasses.

For a long time Sprague stood in the open door. He turned and listened. Outside there was nothing but the soft rustle of the palms. He came in and sat down heavily.

"I didn't think he'd do a thing like that," he said.

"He'll pay for it," Mandell said. "Like us. But I think he's the last for her. She looked the same to you. To me, she's getting old in spite of everything she does to hide it. She's nearly at the end."

Sprague drank his sherry which had stood untouched. He got up and lit a cigar. "Well," he said, "why don't you try the glasses?" Mandell put them on. He stared all around the room and back to his companion.

"Prison has made you old," he said.

He leaned back in his chair and stretched his legs out before him. "But we're not too old to start again," he said. "And Ao is a lovely place. We've got a good thing here."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 13

1—Jerome Kern.

2—Black, or nearly so.

3—Helsingfors, Finland.

4—Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas.

5—The combined French and Spanish fleets.

6—In the Southern Hemisphere a cyclone moves clockwise; in the Northern, counterclockwise.

7—From Calicut, India, because it was first imported from that place.

8—The oyster, which is not generally eaten in May, June, July, or August.

9—Three dots, three dashes, three dots, as . . . — — — . . .

10—To a bitt or stanchion to which rope or cable is fastened. A nautical term, it means inboard end.

11—The United States Marine Corps.

12—An amber jack is either of two fishes, one of which is found in the Mediterranean and tropical Atlantic, and the other off the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Brazil.

13—They are quickly overcome by poisonous gases and thus warn of danger.

14—The Panama Canal, which was started by the French and completed by Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. A.

15—Francis B. Sayre.

16—North, south, east, and west, the four principal points of the compass.

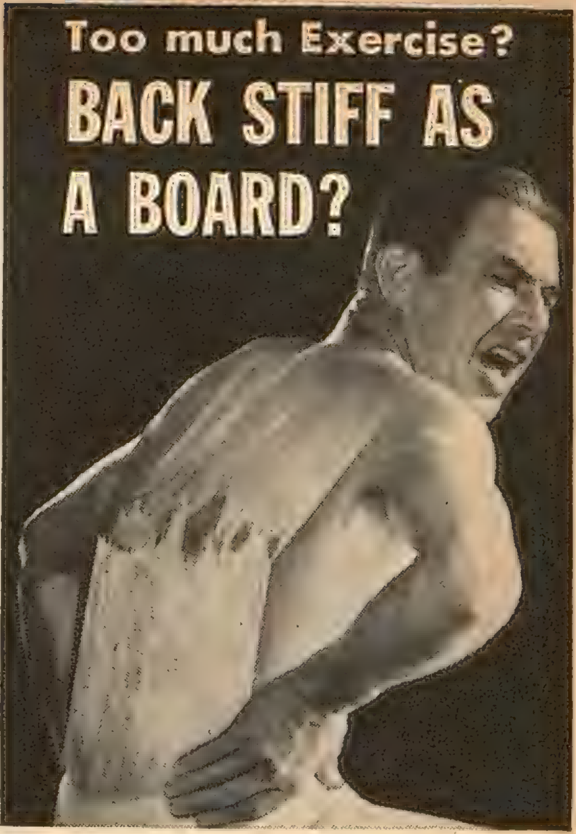
17—General Paul von Hindenburg.

18—Washington and Oregon, on the Columbia River.

19—Dry ice.

20— Charles G Dawes

(Charles G. Dawes)



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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GUY LOMBARDO

THIS is the story of an oasis of melody in a desert of swing.

When Benny Goodman is piercing the eardrums of the world with the lancing drives of his clarinet, and Tommy Dorsey is getting all hot and bothered on his frenzied trombone, and Gene Krupa is beating it out on those deafening drums, and Bob Crosby is going boogie-woogie with his lunatic brasses, and dozens of other get-off men are getting in their hot licks, arranged, as Bob Benchley says, "for intoxicated trumpets"—there is always one place where it is still possible to say with the poet:

There is sweet music here that softer
falls
Than petals from blown roses on the
grass . . .

That place is wherever Guy Lombardo plays.

There are no bombs bursting in air when Lombardo invokes his soft legato tempo, his melodious cadences, his effortless rhythms. There are, instead, peace and relaxation and the silken depths of beauty. In a world of hard lines and awkward angles he gives us curves, softness, sweetness, everything that is clean and lovely.

And the moral of this tale is that honesty in music is the best policy. Lombardo's simple sincere rhythms—"music without furbelows," he calls them—have carried him to the top of his profession and have kept him there through eight dance-mad years.

In 1935, Wayne King challenged Guy's supremacy in the popularity polls; in 1936, Benny Goodman; in 1937, Tommy Dorsey; in 1938, Kay Kyser; but none of them—except King, in 1935—approached the closeness of a photographic finish. And in a recent 1939 poll of more than seven hundred radio editors, each with his foot on the dancing pulse of his particular section, Lombardo had three times as many votes as Kyser, four times as many as Goodman or Dorsey, seven times as many as King.

In an era of swing music the most popular band on the air is the band that does not play it.

Don't misunderstand me. Guy Lombardo is not what the jitterbugs call a paperman. He is not a slave to the written notes. He can improvise with the best of them. But he does his improvising in hours of patient rehearsal with his band, and does not inflict his experiments on his public until he knows they are right.

He is no classicist, either. He does not scorn the tunes that set the toes a-twisting. But he plays these tunes as he feels them.

"If you are running a dance orchestra," he said not long ago, "your music must be danceable or the customers won't come back; but to my mind music isn't danceable if the metronome is going like a divining rod."

The Lombardo legato is a matter of carefully calculated tonal effects achieved under the guidance of a most musicianly mind. As I understand it, Guy balances his band. Each instrument registers approximately the same volume on the sound register, and each group of instruments—duos, trios, and the like. This is one of the secrets of his uniformly soothing rhythm.

The individuality which Guy Lombardo and his brothers have achieved by the too often neglected process of having things right leaves his Royal Canadians wide open all the time to the music critics and the musicianly people in his audience. The swing bands swing it and nobody can hear if they are right or wrong. The Lombardos *must* be right.

Also, they must choose the right songs.

"The choice of songs," Guy says, "is most important to an orchestra's success, even more important than the manner in which they are played—granted that the conductor has a competent organization with which to work. When listeners praise an orchestra for a certain radio program, what they really mean is that they liked the songs which were played. If they didn't enjoy the songs, they'll tell you the musicians gave an inferior performance. It is only when you start to question them that the truth comes out."

Especially are these observations true of the youngsters who know all the new songs soon after they are on the air, and usually care more about the tunes than the tuning. And Guy Lombardo has to think a great deal about what youngsters think, because, in spite of his supposed musical conservatism, they were the first to take him up, and they remain his most faithful followers.

Not the cats and jitterbugs, not the lounge lizards and debutramps—but the wholesome, fun-loving, romance-seeking boys and girls who are still, thank God, the American youth majority.

The kids like the slow, sweet, and simple Lombardo rhythms, called "poky" by the swing maestros, because they can time their toes to the music, walking rather than dancing, while talking their heads off, as youthful dancers love to do.

The lilting Lombardo cadences bring out the sentimental in all of us. Their melodic rhythm inspires dreams, creates illusions, speaks of love. And Guy does everything possible to sustain this romantic mood. He takes personal charge of the lighting in every restaurant in which he plays. No blare, no glare—that's the Lombardo formula. And the result is a place "where music and moonlight and feeling are one."

Not only does he create that raptur-

The maestro confers with the boys
Below: Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lombardo.

How and why—through eight dance-mad years—he's stayed most popular of orchestra leaders

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ous feeling but he directs it in the way it should go. That is why he is sometimes called the Marriage Broker of Radio. Guy welcomes the title.

"They tell me," he laughs, "that I've married more couples than any Gretna Green parson. That's O. K. with me. I believe in marriage. I practice it."

What sort of fellow is this magician? Look at him as he stands before his band in the Roosevelt Grill in New York City. A slim boyish wide-eyed lad in his early thirties. Younger than his years, taller than his inches. A sensitive mobile face. Glowing black eyes beneath shadowy lashes. Olive skin. A smile that is never a grin. Quiet, unostentatious, poised. Graceful in movement.

His wife, who looks small even beside her husband's five feet seven and one hundred and forty-five pounds, is as blonde as Guy is brunet. They met while he was playing at the Lake Road Inn in Cleveland. Lily Lombardo is a gay little person, pretty and smart. She is fond of jewelry and good clothes, but she is fonder still of the great Lombardo and of the three little Lombardos, Joseph, Elaine, and Rose Marie.

Things are pretty soft for Mr. and Mrs. Lombardo these days, financially as well as musically. They live, when they are at home, in a penthouse on Riverside Drive, and they sport a fifty-three-foot power boat, Tempo, down in Freeport, Long Island. Dinner music, supper music, radio music keep the Lombardos in town six days a week. But come Sunday, they take to Tempo.

But in spite of the luxury of his present living, those who have known Guy Lombardo longest say that he has changed little since that day in London, Ontario, when Pa Lombardo presented his eldest son with a violin.

Guy wasn't much of a violinist in those days. But at twelve years of age he was some organizer. He rounded up brother Carmen who piped a flute, and brother Liebert who smacked a drum, and baby brother Victor who staggered about under a saxophone, and neighbor-boy Fritzy Kreitzer who did exercises on the piano, and welded them into a band.

The Lombardos & Co.—that was the billing—made their first professional appearance in 1918 at the Mothers' Club in their native city. Soon they were getting as high as fifteen dollars a night for playing at local dances. And while they were still in school they got a chance to tour on the Keith and Pantages circuit.

When the act folded in Cleveland, they quaked for fear that their parents would come down and get them and take them back home. To avoid the latter eventuality, Guy had an idea—and, as it turned out, it was the idea which launched him on his career. He went to Swan Johnson, good-natured manager of Station WTAM, and asked if they could go on the air free of charge, and when Swan said they could, he wired the folks back home to listen in, for they were radio artists now.

THE idea worked. Pa and Ma were much impressed. The idea worked in other ways, too. The proprietor of the Claremont, a Cleveland night club, heard them and offered them a job. Elated, they decided to put on a little dog. The Lombardos & Co. became the Royal Canadians.

"Remembering what one radio broadcast had done for us," Guy says, "I went back to WTAM and asked how much it would cost to run a wire to our restaurant and broadcast our music from there.

"'You mean broadcast from a place where people are drinking and dancing?' they told me. 'You'll never live to see the day when WTAM broadcasts from any such place.'"

But Guy was not to be denied. If the mike wouldn't come to him, he would go to the mike, even if the going did add another hour to the twelve-hour schedule he and the boys were already playing at the Claremont.

"We were the laughingstock of all the musicians in Cleveland," brother Carmen recalls. "They couldn't see why we performed on the radio every day for nothing. But Guy made us stick it out all winter."

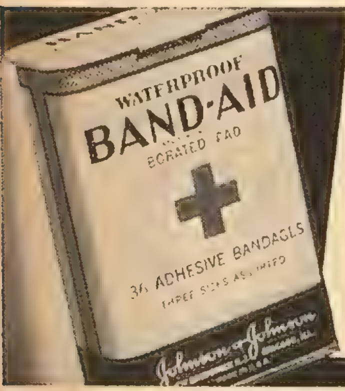
In the spring the investment began to pay dividends. First off, though, the boys didn't collect all they should. This was on a dance to be held in a small town near Cleveland. The committee offered $200 and 60 per cent of the gate receipts. Guy stuck out for $250 cash, and settled for $225. The "take" that night—largely from radio listeners who had come from near and far—hit $3,500. The band's share would have been $2,100. Guy hasn't recovered yet!

From the Claremont they went to the Lake Road Inn, and then to the Music Box. And then to Chicago.

It was at the Granada, in the Windy City, that Lombardo's stock began to rise. But not without a severe slump at the outset. The unknown orchestra just did not draw the crowds. Moreover, the club was almost broke. But Guy and the boss had become friendly, and he decided once more to stick it out, and when things at the Granada hit a new low, he began to think once more of the radio and what it had done for him in Cleveland.

By this time broadcasting from

"DAD—HERE'S A BAND-AID!" Carol Anne knows from experience! When she gets a scratch or scrape, Mother cleans and treats the wound, then sticks on Band-Aid . . . to help keep dirt out. Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made adhesive bandage that sticks on *instantly*. It's easy to apply. And Band-Aid *stays* on—even on awkward, hard-to-bandage surfaces. Be sure you get genuine Band-Aid. It's made only by Johnson and Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.



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restaurants was no novelty in the big cities. When the restaurant proprietor, coached by Guy, went to the station with his proposition, the manager finally said he'd take a chance.

"But your band isn't known here and it may be terrible," he added. "If it is, I can't keep it on the air."

Several nights later, along toward midnight, the station manager and some of his friends listened in. The Royal Canadians were on the air. The station owner listened for a time and then remarked, "Not bad for an unknown outfit. I guess we'll stick with 'em and see what happens."

What happened was that the none-too-prosperous night club became a gold mine and the Lombardos were catapulted into international fame.

By this time, of course, the original quintet had been considerably augmented. Liebert had moved over from the drums to the trumpet, and George Gowans had taken his place. Francis Henry the guitarist and Fred Higman the saxophonist had also joined the troupe. Subsequent additions were Larry Owen and Jim Dillon, two more saxophonists, Ben Davis, another trumpeter, and Frank Vigneau, a second pianist. It is typical of Guy Lombardo that all of these men, including his London, Ontario, originals, are with him today.

Carmen Lombardo stands next to Guy in fame and in authority. There may be better voices on the air than Carmen's but none that fits the Lombardo band so well. Sponsors have sometimes insisted on name singers, but after a few trials have always given up. Carmen's voice has the Lombardo rhythm. Same way with his sax playing.

LIEBERT does some of the singing now, but he prefers saxing. Victor is the good-looking kid, front row on the left. When he isn't reading music, he is reading the funnies. Both are married. The Lombardos are the marrying kind. Fritz Kreitzer, the fifth original, is the scholarly-looking pianist with the glasses.

There is a big difference between Guy's boys and most dance bands of the present era—a social and temperamental difference, I mean. They are happy. Partly this is due to the fact that they have played together so long, know each other so well. Mostly, though, it is due to the fact that they don't play swing.

The nervous tension in a swing band is something fierce. So is the noise. After a few hours of jamming it, the average swingmaster and his men are ready for a fight.

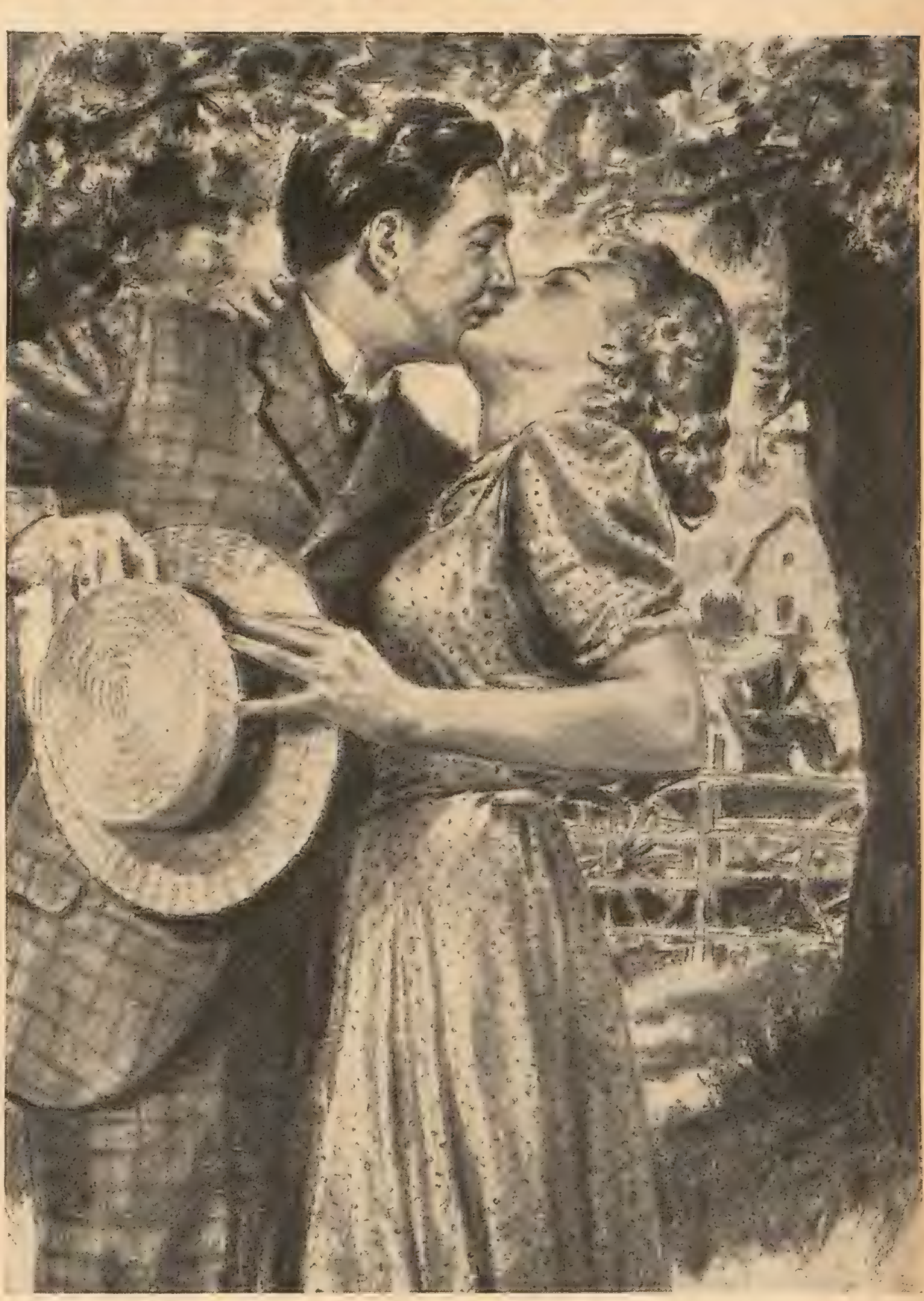
The Lombardos are not like that. After three and a half hours of rehearsing, you'll find them gathered for a snack at the nearest soda fountain, kidding each other, especially the boss, who is the smilingest of them all.

"I have the happiest crowd in the business," Guy says proudly.

He is right. They are the Gay Lombardos!

THE END

NEWSPAPERMAN



She held up her lips for a kiss, then thrust my hat into my hands.

From love to fighting we travel along in these revealing pages from the life of a gifted reporter

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Memories of Arabian Nights experiences as a romantic young reporter, "doing police" in prewar Chicago's Little Poland and Little Italy, bespangled last week's installment of Mr. Doherty's own story. From the City Press he went to the Examiner, and thence to the Record Herald—where, alas, they took him off police and assigned him to cover banquets, etc. Adventure seemed dead until T. R. came to town and young Eddie wrote the news story of his Bull Moose acceptance speech.

Eddie's childhood sweetheart Marie wasn't unduly alarmed when he told her of a new flame, Madge, up in Wisconsin. He went up there for his vacation and came back an engaged man (not yet twenty-one). But Madge said they must wait a whole year. Out of his twenty-five dollars a week he bought her a diamond ring—but what was he to do for money enough to marry on? Either finish his novel, he thought, or else get a better job on the Tribune.

PART FOUR—GREAT DAYS ON THE TRIBUNE

BEFORE long it happened that I did get a job on the Tribune. I had hoped for higher pay with it. But I didn't get that.

The Tribune local room looked more or less like that of any other newspaper. But there was something here I'd never met before, a feeling, an emotion, a thrill that shook me with its might, a something—call it what you will—that whispered, "This is the newspaperman's holy of holies, this is the temple, this is the only real newspaper in the world. You've got to be good to stay here."

Washburne handed me a real assignment on my first day, and splashed it all over page 1. From that day on I never had an assignment that didn't thrill me.

There was, for instance, the Little Mary story.

Somebody wrote a letter to the Tribune telling the plight of a family on the North Side. The husband was out of work. The woman had scrubbed floors until she was too ill to work. There was nothing to eat in the house. There was no coal. The landlord was going to evict the pair and their little daughter.

"Take a run up there," Howey said, "and investigate."

He wrote an order on the cashier. "Stop on the way and buy a little food and a scuttle or two of coal."

I found the place, two dark little rooms in the rear of a tenement house. The woman lay in bed, hidden under a pile of blankets. The man and the little girl, dressed in all the clothes they had, sat in front of the cold stove and watched me as I built the fire.

The man was sullen. He didn't want charity, he said. His local was short of funds. That was the only reason the flat was so bare and cold. He'd get work soon, or the union would find a way to take care of him.

But the heat thawed him out a little, and when I took the girl on my lap he offered no objection. She was a beautiful child, with bright yellow hair and eyes my favorite shade of blue. Her name was Mary.

"You ain't going to put this in the paper?" Mary's father asked.

"Sure."

"No, no! I couldn't stand it, man. You got to promise me. You got to swear you won't print a line about me."

He was pleading, not threatening. So I promised.

But on the way to the office I wondered what would happen to Mary if I kept my promise. I wrote the yarn, telling of the pledge I'd made not to. Howey threw it to Paul Neumann and said good night to me. But I couldn't go. I had to watch Paul read it. I'd put a lot into it. Everything I had. Would he butcher it?

He started to read it casually. Then a strange look altered his face, and I saw to my amazement and delight that he was crying.

I felt proud and humble at the same time.

I saw Neumann turn and look around for me. He came over, rubbing the tears out of his eyes, saying, "Doherty, what have you done to me? You dirty omadhaun, you made me bawl like a baby!"

Mary Garden sent a fifty-dollar bill to the Tribune when she read that story in the morning. Hundreds of other people sent bills of lesser denominations. We put over a thousand dollars in little Mary's bank.

I was made then. I was the star of stars. Until Howey's beckoning finger brought me running to him one night.

"You did a very poor job on this story, Eddie. What did you try to do? Repeat on the Little Mary yarn? You can't write all stories the same way, sonny boy. This isn't a sob story. It's straight news."

Meanwhile, I wasn't doing so well with the book, though I sweated hours over it every day. It was, and still is, a very bad novel. I realized, finally, that I'd never make any money out of it. That being the case, what was I going to use for Madge-money?

Maybe if I turned professional pug I could get me a little dough, I thought. I can lick any man in the world. Why don't I do it and cash in?

I WAS boxing every night at the Press Club, with Harry Levine. Harry was a garment cutter by trade. But at this time he was the bouncer at the club, though that wasn't what we called him. He had been a professional lightweight. I never saw a cleverer man in the ring. We boxed for months before I could handle him at all. When I'd developed sufficiently to hit him at will, he quit boxing with me. "I can't take it," he explained. "Otherwise I'd have been the champ."

Harry was a little fellow, and I wanted to see if I could work against heavyweights as well as I did against him. I persuaded the biggest and toughest guys in the club to go a few rounds with me. I whipped them all without raising the suspicion of a sweat. So I was ready, I thought, to begin a sensational ring career.

This was in 1911 or 1912, and I was twenty-one or twenty-two. I was old for a beginner in the cauliflower business. But I was never going to be any younger or stronger. Harry agreed to be my trainer. He took me down to Doc O'Connell's gym, made me play handball, skip a rope, and box with amateurs and professionals. A round or two a day. No slugging. After the shower and the rubdown, we'd talk.

"You're coming pretty, Ed."

"Yeah? How long do I have to wait, Harry?"

"Oh, six months. Maybe longer. You're still a little slow with that right."

I might have been a "white hope" if I hadn't put on the gloves with Andre Anderson. Some of the sports writers in Chicago thought Anderson might whip Jack Johnson after he'd had a few real battles. He'd murdered a lot of set-ups but hadn't met a good fighter yet. He was clever, though, they said. He had promise. If he could beat Fred Fulton, the plasterer, he might be the next world's champ.

Andre was almost a foot taller than me, and sixty pounds heavier, or more. Harry said I was a fool to get into the ring with him, but I knew better. It started in as fun, but Andre wasn't boxing. He was fighting. My heart leaped up with savage exultation. I began to laugh. I've always laughed when I fought.

I went for the tum-tum and beat it like a drum. But Andre had a left I couldn't solve. I couldn't duck it, block it, parry it, guard against it. No matter what I did, that left kept jabbing me, cutting my cheek, splitting my lip, banging my nose. Annoying? I never got so sick of anything in my life! I decided to put an end to it.

"Say, Andre, that left hand bothers me. Where'd you learn to use it like that?"

He was so amazed to hear me ask that question that he dropped his guard. I brought my right over, and waited for the drop. His manager and trainer jumped into the ring, shouting, "Foul! You slugged him!" I stood there, weak with laughter, watching Anderson rock to and fro, watching him shake his head.

"Come on, big boy," I whispered, "kiss the canvas. Fall for papa. Flop, pretty baby, flop!"

But he fooled me. He didn't flop. Everybody else who fought him after that put him away in the first round. That hurt my pride. I quit the ring forever.

THE story of Mary Smith is a story I never wrote.

Mary was asleep when I tiptoed into her room in the Cook County Hospital. The cop at her bedside was sleeping too. I woke him.

"Finnegan, we want to be alone."

"Ah, the poor little crachure," he said. "Be aisy with her, b'y. 'Tis the hard night she's had, what with the stomach pump and all."

The girl's eyes fluttered open. Brown eyes, frightened. Her right hand jerked to her face, the back of it covering her mouth.

"It's all right, little mouse," I said, sitting in Finnegan's chair. "I'm just a newspaperman. You don't have to talk if you don't want to."

"It's all right," she said. "I'm not afraid."

"Feeling better now?"

"Yes."

"Got over the wish to die?"

"No. They can't make me live, can they, if I want to die?"

How could I handle that strange kid? With a laugh? I laughed. She drew away from me.

"You'll have plenty of time to die. But why don't you give life another chance? You might meet some one worth living for!"

Again that startled movement of the hand.

Maybe a little soft soap would help me get her story.

"Why did you do it, honey? A pretty girl like you!"

She slid her body up against the pillows, studying me.

"No man ever said I was pretty before. No man in all my life."

"There are a lot of blind men in the world, Miss—I didn't get your name."

"Nobody knows my name," she said. "Nobody's going to know it."

She was frightened again.

"I know it," I said. "It's Mary Smith."

"You are very kind," she said. "That's a pretty name. Yes, I'm Mary Smith."

"That's it. A new name. A new girl. A new life."

The old life must have been cruel, judging from her rough grubby little hands, her grim little face.

"A new life," she whispered. She seemed to love the sound of the words. But the fear came back, and an indignation so tremendous it shook her.

"Have you ever lived in a cold little room with nothing in it but a folding bed and a washstand and a line of hooks to hang your clothes on?"

"No."

"And a window you could look out of—and see nothing but a brick wall?"

I shook my head.

"Have you ever lived in a strange city and met no one but the people you worked with? Have you ever stayed night after night in your room because you didn't have any money to spend and no man to take you out? Have you ever cried yourself to sleep night after night after night? Have you ever spent hours in a chair at your window counting bricks?"

"Well," I said, "I've been lonesome."

"You are in love?"

"With a girl in Wisconsin."

"So far away?"

"Too far. I see her only twice a year."

"And she is lonesome too?"

"I suppose so. She says she is."

SHE slid herself toward me and put out a hand. "Let me touch you. Maybe you are not real."

I took her hand and pressed it.

"Real. A man. A young man. And you let the woman you love stay far away from you? Oh, you are crazy! Lonely girls are not responsible for what they do. Lonely girls go mad! Go to her quick. Marry her. Don't ever let her be lonesome again."

"So it was lonesomeness made you drink that poison?"

"In a way. I was crazy. I fell in love. He was a bad man. I didn't want to love him. But I couldn't help it. He was the only man there was. I should have poisoned him. Not myself."

"But you still love him."

"Me? I love him now? What kind of talk is that?"

I laughed. "I said that just to show you up. You don't love him. Then why should you die for him?"

Suddenly she was laughing too.

"Of course. Of course. Why didn't I figure that out myself? Oh, you have made me happy. What can I do for you? How can I repay you?"

That was a Saturday, if I remember rightly, and I had an early deadline to make. I hurried to the office. Howey asked what I had. I told him.

"Forget it. They just bumped off the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and you've got the story of your life to write." He pointed to a mass of clippings. "Go through that junk and patch me up a story of old Francis Joseph. It's all there. The death of his brother Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, the suicide of his son, the murder of his wife, the assassination of his nephew, the heir to the throne, and now the fear of war. Just clip and paste the best of these clippings. Don't be afraid of space. This is the most dramatic, most colorful, most important story you'll ever write. But all I want from your typewriter is a hundred-word lead to tie all the clips together."

I THOUGHT Howey had gone crazy. Who cared about the death of some lousy archduke? It didn't mean a thing to Chicago. The story of Mary Smith meant a lot. There must be thousands of lonesome kids in Chicago.

All afternoon I read and clipped and pasted, and my pulses pounded, and I felt a glow of pride all through me. I hadn't written this story. I'd only assembled it. I'd merely strung a lot of pearls together. But what a wondrous necklace I had made!

Ring Lardner asked who had written the story. He sauntered toward me, stopping to say "Hello, Al," to all who greeted him. He towered over me.

"Swell story, Al."

I explained I'd done it all with scissors.

"That doesn't matter, Al. You did it. You didn't botch it. The building of a story is a tricky thing. It takes a nice discrimination, a sense of values. What to cut out. What to paste in. Often the things you leave out of a story make it more effective than the materials you use. Well, so long, Al. I got to go now, Al. You know me, Al."

Ring called everybody Al in those days. Praise from him was champagne. But when James O'Donnell Bennett looked up as I passed—he was writing with the stub of a pencil and hurrying to catch a deadline—and paid me a compliment before he went back to his work, I was dizzy with pride.

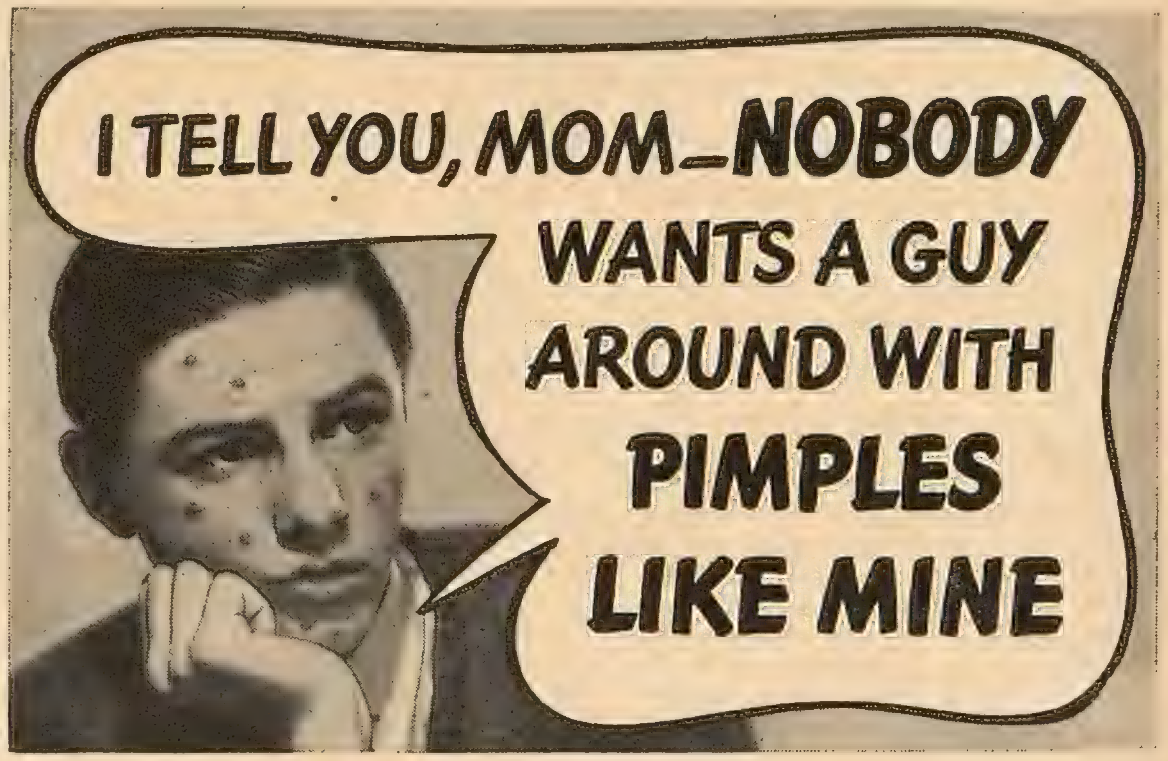
There was much talk of Europe thereafter in the Tribune local room, much speculation on the possibility of war. Young men began poring over old maps. Kids in the Press Club wondered if they'd ever be war correspondents. I didn't believe there was going to be a war. But I hoped that, if there were one worth the covering, the Tribune would send me over there to cover it.

A war correspondent, I thought, had the most romantic job of all. I pictured myself in uniform, marching into battle with the troops, bands playing, banners flying—and maybe a copy boy or two walking three paces behind my heels, ready to carry my dispatches back to the nearest cable office. I pictured myself sitting on a little hill, with majors and colonels and generals all around me, watching a battle in the open field below.

One midsummer day I went to Wheaton, Illinois, to cover a hanging, the hanging of Henry Spencer.

I wanted to see that man hanged, though not because I had any feeling against him. I felt rather sorry for him. I thought he was insane. I had covered his trial for the murder of a woman tango teacher, and I wanted to see if he'd act as brazenly on the scaffold as he had in the courtroom.

He had sworn at witnesses. He had called the jurors vulgar names and jeered at them. He had cursed the


I TELL YOU, MOM—NOBODY WANTS A GUY AROUND WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE

ADOLESCENT PIMPLES can make YOUR boy or girl feel unwanted and ill at ease

IT'S TRUE, MOTHER—countless young people feel left out and shunned because of a pimply face. Here are two important reasons why pimples are so common in adolescence:

FIRST—The skin is oversensitive between the ages of 13 and 25. Then sluggish intestinal action may cause it to break out.

SECOND—Your boy or girl may need a better supply of Vitamin A—the important vitamin that helps in keeping the skin healthy looking and attractive.

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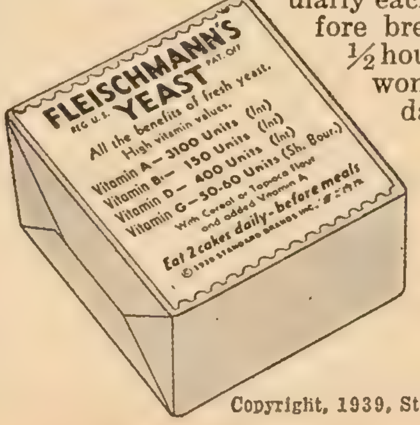
Let *your* boy or girl with poor skin start eating Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast—2 cakes regularly each day, one ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one ½ hour before supper. Many wonderfully helped in 30 days or less!

THIS* BOY FOUND HELP—READ HOW

"No fellow wants to carry around a face full of hickies. I had them so bad I hated to go out. Then I ate Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. I'm sure glad to say how much it helped me."

***name on request**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All the benefits of fresh yeast. High vitamin values.
Eat 2 cakes daily—before meals

New HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST helps this skin trouble even more!

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judge and attempted to bite the prosecuting attorney. After he had been sentenced, he had sentenced the judge to sizzle in the hottest depths of the hereafter.

Would he cringe when he went to meet the hangman? Would he shudder and beg for mercy? I had to know. I had to!

The gibbet had been erected in the jail yard, and a high pine-board fence had been built around it. We were ushered into this enclosure early in the day, a score or more of newspapermen and perhaps twoscore of other official witnesses.

The afternoon men, who must telegraph their stories, were fortunate. The jailer had built a bench for them along one side of the stockade, and a sort of table for their typewriters and the instruments of the telegraph operators. The rest of us had to stand.

Spencer bounded up the thirteen steps. He took his stand on the trap, beside the minister. The latter held an open Bible, and Henry began to read from it. On and on and on he read, the minister turning the pages.

The telegraph instruments began suddenly to chatter. I saw the telegraphers writing, the afternoon men peering down over their shoulders. I edged my way through the crowd toward Ben Hecht of the News and Wallace Smith of the American.

"War," said Benny disgustedly. "Ain't that hell? Germany has declared war on Russia. And my desk has declared war on me. Look. 'War declared. Make hanging story short. Omit all gruesome details.'"

He scribbled a message and gave it to his operator:

"Will make story short and sweet as possible. Hecht."

Henry and the minister sang hymns. The sun grew hotter. When Henry stopped singing, it was so still that everybody gasped. He scowled down at us and twisted his mouth. "Well, I suppose you want to know whether I'm innocent or guilty, don't you?"

In the peering crowd outside the high board fence, a baby cried. Its mother hushed it fiercely. Henry turned, annoyed at the interruption. "Well, I'm innocent. See?"

The next moment the rope was lowered about his neck, the knot was adjusted under the ear, the hood was placed over his head, and Henry in his nice new clothes shot through the trap and swung gently above the earth.

His body was still twisting when I touched his hands. They had not been clenched. The man had died as he had lived, crazily unafraid. That was all I wanted to know.

"Give me a couple of paragraphs," Howey said, "and then get ready for the war."

I can taste that moment yet. I was going to be a war correspondent!

I wrote the hanging story at top speed and handed it to Howey.

"The Tribune has declared war on quack doctors," he said. "And I've enlisted you in the purity squad. Report to Jack Lawson."

I can taste that moment also.

Lawson was then the star reporter on the Tribune. He was in charge of the crusade.

"Ever had syphilis?" he asked me.

Andre Anderson, the "white hope" who wouldn't kiss the canvas when Eddie Doherty socked him—though later he would when anybody else did.

"Lord, no!" I said in amazement.

"Knock wood. You sure? All right. Now here's the dope. You and Ben Kendall and Ronnie Webster and a few more are going to visit every quack in town and represent yourselves as syphilitics. You're going to be married soon. You're worried. Can the doc cure you in time? And how much will he charge? I want to know everything he does, everything he says."

"But suppose he says I'm O. K.?"

"He won't. Tell him how you feel. Tell him anything you think of—and the sillier your symptoms are, the better for the story. Get the idea?"

At that time syphilis was a shocking word. No newspaper had ever dared to use it. We said "social disease."

Abruptly a new era had begun. Journalistic prudery would soon be as dead as Henry Spencer.

Lawson gave me three doctors to interview.

"Yes," the first one said, "of course you have syphilis."

He hadn't examined me, hadn't touched me.

"I can see it just by looking at you," he continued. "You should be very glad you came to me in time."

He looked around at the portraits on his wall, photos of men in all stages of the disease. He shuddered.

"Syphilis is the most terrible plague ever known. It's a pity you've contracted it, and in so virulent a stage. But don't worry. Bring me a hundred dollars tomorrow. I'll give you a more thorough examination, and an estimate of the total bill. Medicines for this disease are rare. And costly! The pity of it! So many, many young men come to me, and cannot pay for the medicines they must have. It's horrible to think what happens to them. Horrible!"

The other docs were like him.

The Tribune's crusade was a stupendous success. It had all Chicago talking—and buying the paper. We drove the quacks out of the city; but no doubt they have returned long before this.

When the last of the series had been published, Jack was assigned to investigate the drug peddlers. He organized another squad, spent weeks in making his investigation.

Shortly after his first story hit the streets he died.

He fell, or was thrown, down the elevator shaft in the Press Club. We found his body there next morning. We suspected murder but we couldn't prove it. Nor could anybody prove it an accident.

"The Star Reporter of Chicago," Howey called him. And that's how he was described in the stories that told of his end.

Ring Lardner wrote a poem in his column. I remember only the first verse. I've said it so many times to myself I could never forget it:

Someone will do his work, perhaps not quite
So well as he; but still it will be done.
The world is full of people who can write.
It mourns but little for the loss of one.

I was reading that verse when Jimmy Durkin said:

"Well, Butch, I guess that shoves you up to the rewrite desk."

I "did rewrite" from then on, and found the job even more fascinating than that of the assignment reporter. Each night the news marched through my fingers, a grand parade of stories. Every story was a challenge, a test. Every story was new, and different from any other story ever written. Every job of writing was a triumph and a joy—or a cataclysmic failure. All night I lived in a writers' paradise. But after the night was over, when the dawn yawned as I walked to the streetcar or the El, the feel of loneliness had me all to myself.

If Madge were only here! If I could only hurry home to her every morning, and wake her up, and make her read the stuff I'd written—make her read it while it was hot, while it was news! Maybe Madge wouldn't like being roused from sleep at three or four in the morning. But she'd get used to it in time. She might even be up and waiting, with coffee perking on the brand-new stove—or would I rather have a bottle of beer off the ice?

I asked for a week's vacation. Howey shook his head.

"There's a war on, sonny boy. Where do you want to go—and why?"

"I'm going to Wisconsin to look at a queen—and ask her to be my wife."

"Hot stuff! Same girl you told me about years ago?"

"Same girl, but she hasn't made up her mind yet."

"How long does it take to get up there?"

"A day and a half."

"Call it two days. Two days to come back. I'll give you one day to change her mind. That shouldn't be hard for a Tribune reporter. Five days. Be back Monday. And don't ask for a raise."

He grinned good-naturedly and thrust out his hand.

MADGE was just as shiny-eyed as when I'd seen her last. Her breath was as sweet, her face as lovely. Her greeting was warm and fervent.

But there was something, I sensed, that had changed.

"I came up here just for a day," I said, "to see if I couldn't induce you to elope. Come back to Chicago with me tomorrow. We can be married in Soldiers Grove, or Boscobel, or Madison, or Milwaukee. Any place you like. I can't do without you any longer."

We were driving up a yellow hill, straight into the clear blue sky. I was holding the reins. She sat close to me, her head on my shoulder, her hands on mine.

"Let's not talk of marriage, Eddie. Not just now. Let's just love each other now. Let's just be happy. We'll talk about marriage tomorrow—just before you go."

"Why not now? Does that kind of talk bore you?"

"No."

She lifted her head, and I saw that her eyes were wet.

"Please don't let us quarrel," she said.

She was going to teach school again, I thought. She was going to put me off for another year. But maybe I was wrong. I hoped so.

"You've got a secret you haven't told me."

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Tell me. I can take it."

"I'll tell you tomorrow, Eddie. Cross my heart, I will."

We were happy. Happy enough. I was welcomed again at her home as though I were one of the family. Again I told stories of the Chicago badlands. Again Madge and I walked over the powdered roads and under the powdered heavens. Nothing—apparently—had changed.

The next day I was to leave in the buggy at four in the afternoon. At that hour we were in the orchard.

"Now, I've been a good boy," I said. "I haven't pestered you. I haven't even asked what your secret may be. Tell me now, dear. Are you coming with me to Chicago?"

"No, Eddie," she said.

Her brother shouted that he was ready. She ran into the house to get my hat, and walked with me toward the buggy.

"You're not going to marry me this year?"

"No, Eddie."

She held up her lips for a kiss, then thrust the hat into my hands and rushed away into the woods. It was suddenly difficult to breathe.

"Better hurry, Ed. The train won't wait."

I put on my hat. It didn't fit. I took it off and examined it. There was a letter, neatly folded, under the leather sweatband. I read it, rocking like a punch-drunk ham-and-egger.

Madge was going to marry some one else. A farmer, evidently. He was redecorating the house, repainting the furniture, digging a new well. Getting ready for the coming of the bride. She loved him. Oh, she loved me too, in a way, loved me so much she couldn't bear to see me hurt, couldn't bear telling me the news. Good-by, good luck, God bless me.

At last she had made up her mind!

I followed her into the woods but didn't try to find her. I just didn't want her brother or any one else to see how I took that punch.

I had somewhat recovered when I climbed into the buggy. The horses started down the lane. I turned for a last look, but there was only dust behind me. Yellow dust with the sheen of brass in the sunlight.

WELL," her brother said, a long time later, "he owns a right smart farm."

"It wasn't that," I argued.

"Maybe not. The idea of living in Chicago with all those murderers and thugs—like you were talking about last night—she couldn't abide that. She was scared. Besides, ever since she saw Chicago, she hated the place. Too big. Too noisy. Too dirty. Say, I didn't know her, hardly, when she came back. I never saw such a change in a girl in all my days. It took her weeks to perk up and be herself again."

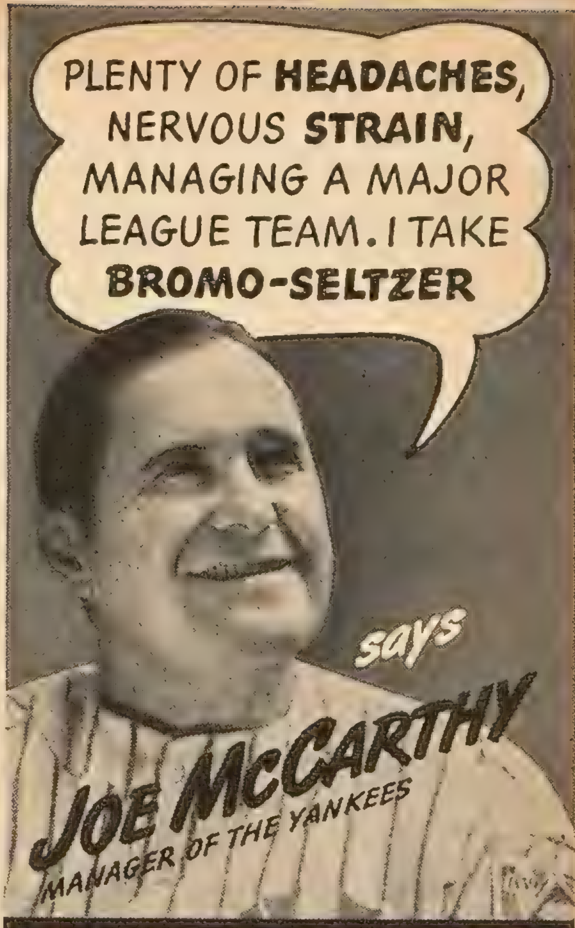
So I'd helped in my own undoing. Talking about the wicked city. Smart boy. And what a gift of gab!

"The real reason," I said, "was just that she was lonesome."

"Madge tell you that?"

"No. I heard it from a girl she never saw. A girl named Mary Smith."

How Young Butch shifted his heartbreak to a job on another paper; how Butch, Senior, in the nick of time prevented him from smashing his way through police lines to get to the tragic excursion boat Eastland; how once again he met Marie, his first sweetheart, and what came of it—all this Mr. Doherty will confide in you in next week's installment!


PLENTY OF HEADACHES, NERVOUS STRAIN, MANAGING A MAJOR LEAGUE TEAM. I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER
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MANAGER OF THE YANKEES

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THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK OF

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IF YOU COMPLETE AND ENTER TEN FILL-INS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE IS EXCELLENT

AFTER you complete Funny Fill-In No. 10 and before you prepare your entry for mailing, read the Rules over again to make sure that you have complied with the conditions of this contest. Do not prepare an elaborately decorated entry. Fancywork will not be considered. Make sure that your entry is mailed in time to be received on or before the closing date. Entries arriving later must be refused. Liberty hopes that you have enjoyed completing these drawings and that the fun every one has had will compensate those who do not win the cash prizes. Names of winners will be announced in the first available issue after the judges have arrived at their decisions and prize checks will be mailed without delay.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

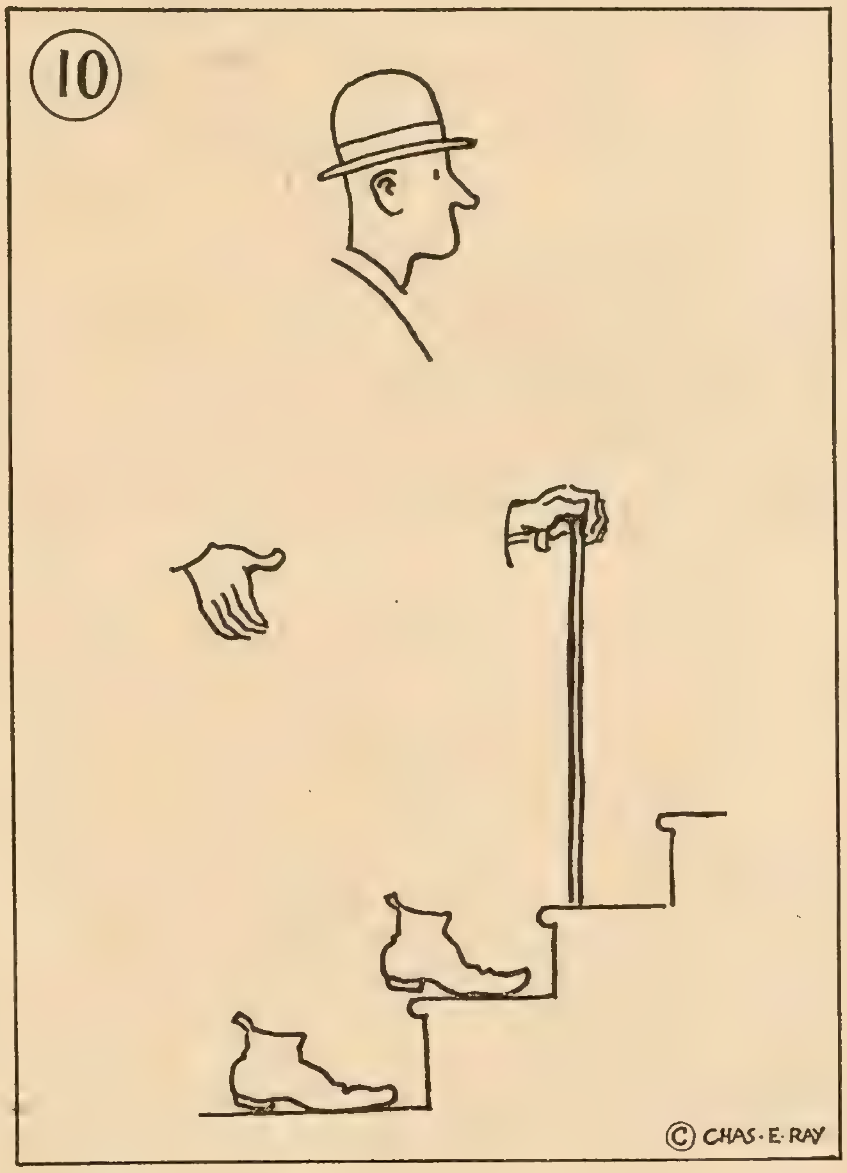
3. Send no entries until your set of ten complete Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.



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PRIZE WINNERS, MEMORY BOOK CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE, $500
VINCENT G. ZENKEL
Rochester, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE, $100
MRS. J. J. KENNEDY
Chautauqua, N. Y.

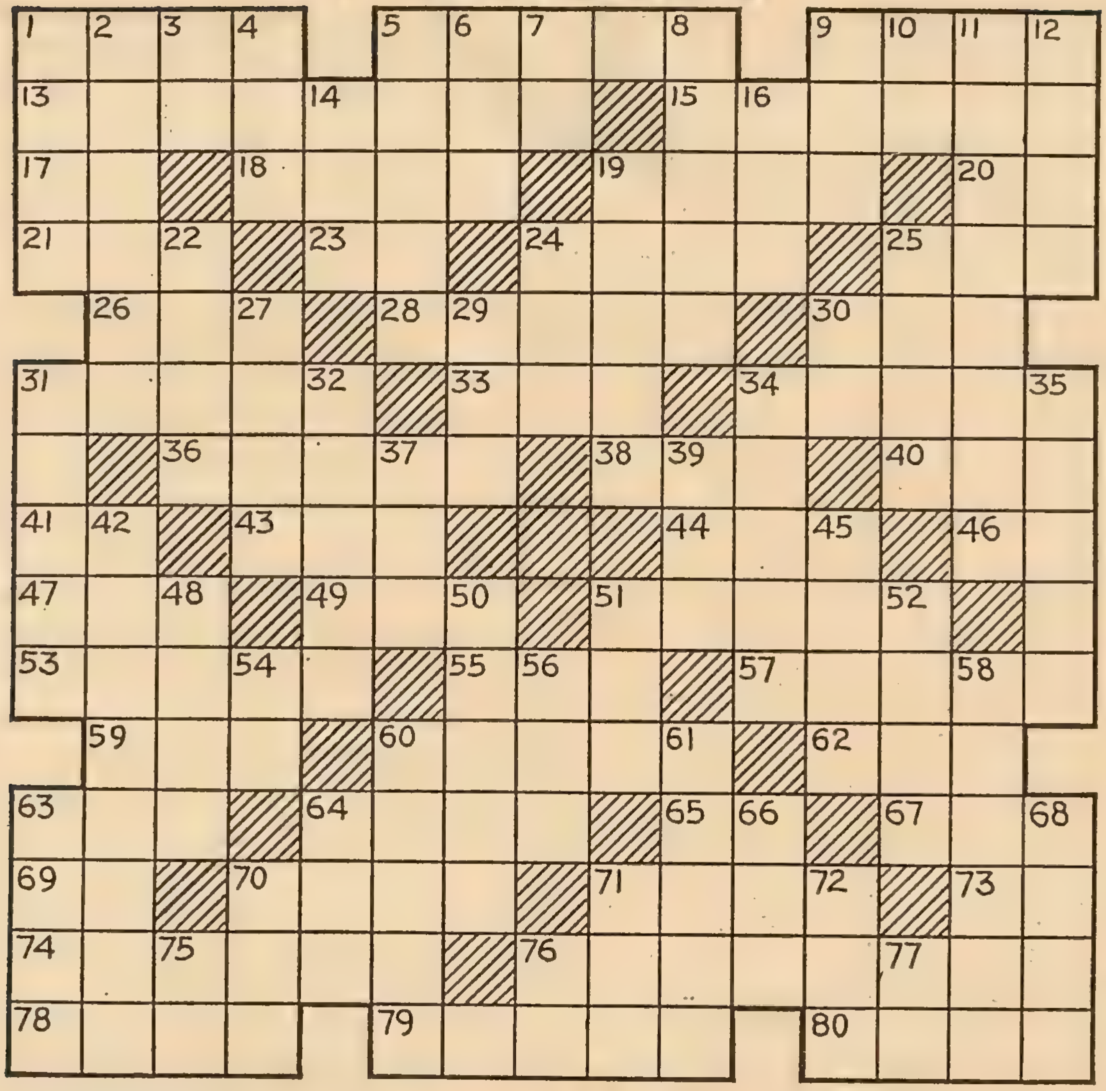
THIRD PRIZE, $50
C. E. CAHILL
Cornish, Me.

SEVENTY PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Ernest Baker, Austin, Tex.; Drew T. Baldwin, Kenosha, Wis.; Verne V. Barnes, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. M. B. Bartlette, Newport News, Va.; Louise Barton, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; L. G. Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.; Reginald Batson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Marcia Chase, Green Bay, Wis.; Charles Clark, Delaware City, Del.; Mrs. Mamie L. Coons, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ellwood Cope, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Edwin Copley, St. Louis, Mo.; June Dale, Pottstown, Pa.; Jos. E. Deupree, Dora, Mo.; Mrs. Carroll T. Disney, Laurel Md.; Mrs. Delbert Dyer, Detroit, Mich.; Eloise C. Farrell, Washington, D. C.; R. Douglas Feagin, Macon, Ga.; Peggie Fenno, Austin, Tex.; Mrs. Marion E. Foster, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Hazel Garner, Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. W. H. Grant, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Bertha Guenther, Tahlequah, Okla.; Charles E. Hardy, New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. I. L. Harris, Havana, Cuba; Mrs. L. E. Holloway Columbiana, Ohio; Mrs. Thomas F. Hudson, Luxora, Ark.; Ruth T. Huestis, Boston, Mass.; Elizabeth Hulbert, New York, N. Y.; Kurt A. Ilgen, St. Louis, Mo.; M. F. Jasper, Maplewood, N. J.; Mrs. Pike Jones, Carrollton, Ga.; W. W. Keller, Roanoke, Va.; C. A. Kelly, Hibbing, Minn.; Elsie Kirsten, Piedmont, Calif.; R. J. Kristoff, Denver, Colo.; Dr. L. M. Legatski, College Station, Tex.; Francis J. Lorenz, Schenectady, N. Y.; Dorothy McCarthy, Hollywood, Calif.; Mary C. McElhone, Torrington, Conn.; A. R. McLaughlin, Ames, Ia.; Mrs. R. E. McLean, Burlingame, Calif.; Mrs. Lee L. Miller, Geneva, Ill.; Mildred L. Miller, Charlotte, N. C.; Leo J. Munch, Toledo, Ohio; Katherine Nagle, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. C. W. O'Connell, New York, N. Y.; Leota Owens, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Mrs. F. M. Peaster, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Helen R. Phelps, Wayne, Mich.; H. R. Priess, Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. C. E. Proctor, Teague, Tex.; Hallie A. Rhodes, Long Island City, N. Y.; Mrs. R. J. Ronson, Birmingham, Mich.; Bessie M. Roper, Kirkwood, Pa.; Edith Rudisill, Memphis, Tenn.; E. D. Schonberger, Grand Forks, N. D.; Mrs. Lora D. Sequist, Topeka, Kan.; H. P. Shallcross, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Lou P. Smith, Brunswick, Me.; Walter L. Sosna, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. L. Stahly, Chicago, Ill.; Caroline T. Stewart, Long Beach, Calif.; Richard Strickland, Denton, Tex.; Fred Sutter, Santa Monica, Calif.; Florence B. Temple, Winslow, Ariz.; John Turk, Fort Sheridan, Ill.; Raymond H. Welsh, Conneaut, Ohio; Rulon Whitehead, St. George, Utah; Ai Chun Wong, Chicago.

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 One of a South African tribe
5 Asiatic civet
9 Part of an open-front iron blast furnace
13 Gradual destruction (pl.)
15 Cure again
17 Happen
18 Sea eagles
19 Conservative
20 Achieve
21 An edible Japanese plant
23 Astral body (Egypt.)
24 Fit for use
25 Former Algerian title
26 Turkish measure of weight
28 Faithful
30 To feel pain
31 Sacred song
33 Poem
34 Made null and void
36 To be filled with longing
38 Exposed oneself to
40 Anybody
41 To extend
43 Search narrowly
44 Fish (pl.)
46 Prefix: to make
47 Conjunction
49 Permit
51 To change for the better
53 Unstable morally
55 Shred
57 Foundations
59 To low
60 Sounder
62 To bend or curve
63 Fish
64 Small point of land running into the sea
65 Printer's measure
67 Middle
69 Upon the event of
70 Having the same properties
71 Iota
73 Greek letter
74 Acid-forming
76 Sea cucumbers
78 Musical instrument
79 Small islands
80 Dreamer

VERTICAL

1 A kind of cattle
2 A parasitic fungus (pl.)
3 Exclamation
4 To behave toward
5 Marked by a zone
6 Those in office
7 Academic degree (abbr.)
8 Word used in a different sense than its usual one
9 Pronoun (poet.)
10 Pronoun (poet.)
11 Kind of pastry
12 Opposite of deploy
14 Annoy
16 Rather than
19 Beast of prey
22 All correct (colloq.)
24 Anarchistic
25 Caper
27 Light-colored beers
29 Electrical particle
30 Article
31 Pertaining to the back
32 Tree
34 Less than
35 Teeth, as in a gear
37 Cereal
39 Purpose
42 Divination by the letters of a name
45 Vulgar upstart
48 Movable barrier
50 To aim or point
51 People of a particular period
52 Fate
54 Just as stated
56 Insect
58 A darting pain
60 Dash
61 A plexus (pl.)
63 The end aimed at
64 Long narrow runner
66 Loose tangled bunch
68 Unorganized matter
70 Suffix: something done
71 Branch of learning
72 Chart
75 Assimilated form of in-
76 Preposition
77 Not any

D	I	Z	Z	Y	D	E	A	N	■	S	C	R	E	W
I	N	D	O	O	R	S	■	E	Q	U	A	L	■	H
K	K	■	W	R	Y	■	B	R	U	I	N	■	W	I
E	S	S	I	E	■	D	A	V	I	T	■	R	U	T
■	P	O	E	■	C	R	I	E	D	■	D	E	R	E
C	O	W	■	■	L	E	T	S	■	W	A	L	S	H
I	T	■	F	L	E	A	S	■	T	O	M	A	T	O
N	■	O	R	E	A	D	■	C	O	N	E	Y	■	U
C	A	V	I	A	R	■	S	L	O	T	S	■	A	S
I	C	I	E	R	■	S	L	A	T	■	■	O	N	E
N	O	D	S	■	C	H	I	N	S	■	C	O	D	■
N	R	S	■	S	O	A	P	S	■	C	H	O	I	R
A	N	■	C	O	R	N	S	■	T	A	I	■	R	U
T	■	K	U	L	A	K	■	B	A	L	L	O	O	N
I	G	L	O	O	■	S	K	I	N	F	L	I	N	T

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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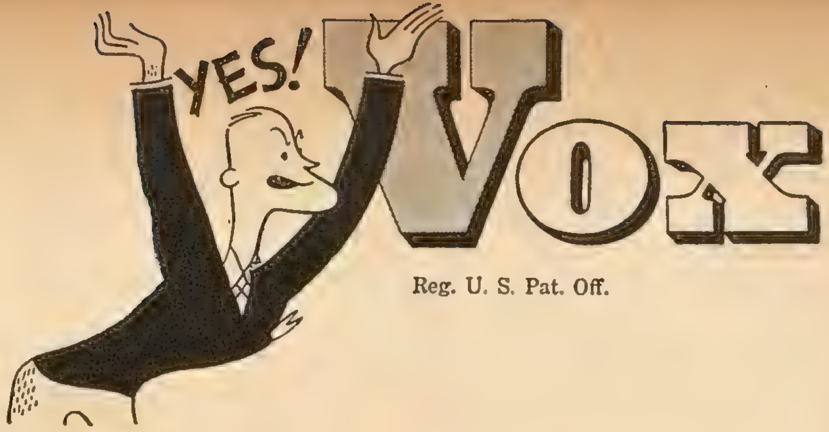


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FATHER COUGHLIN VS. MR. BRITT

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I have read with interest Mr. Doherty's interview with Father Coughlin (August 12 Liberty) and the article by George Britt (August 19 Liberty).

I believe that Mr. Britt has presented a convincing article for people who are liberal and fair-minded.

To any one who has studied Father Coughlin and his work, I do not think there is any doubt about his anti-Semitism. Father Coughlin is the type of person whose words and actions travel in different directions. Father Coughlin states most emphatically in his article that he is not against Jews. One merely has to read a few issues of his Social Justice to see how hypocritical these words become.

Father Coughlin is as adept as Herr Hitler in dispensing the venom of propaganda. As an example, in the Liberty article he makes a statement as a positive fact that people think all Jews are Communists because they have failed to denounce Communism. This is a subtle way of establishing a fact that isn't a fact.

I think that Mr. Britt is correct in pointing out that Father Coughlin is so eloquent and persuasive that in his own mind he is being fair and just. Nevertheless Father Coughlin today is the most serious threat to the preservation of democracy in the United States. His entire career has been fraught with the preaching of intense hatred of one sort or another. —*Sidney Laub.*

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—What tommyrot, that article on Father Coughlin as anti-Semite! (August 19 Liberty). If the well known liberal, Mr. Britt, writing for liberals with common sense, as your caption assures the reader, were a bit more discriminating, his words might carry more conviction. As it is, of course an anti-Communist must be a pro-Nazi. As if that followed either in logic or in life! Sometimes I wonder whether this type of article isn't meant for the people who think they think. Certainly it is not meant for the truly liberal *Homo sapiens*—*J. L. B.*

HUNTINGTON, IND.—Father Coughlin's denial in the August 12 Liberty that he is anti-Semitic is not convincing. It sticks out in every sentence that his venom against Jews as Communists is a subterfuge: that his real virus toward the Jew is born of his belief that many Jews are atheistic. Admitting that to be true, what Constitutional right has the father to condemn them? Does the Constitution forbid atheism? Certainly not.

His crusade against Communism is, of course, understandable, but is doing more harm than good by grossly overestimating its peril to the country. As a cult it is negligible.—*W. H. Barnhart.*

UPPER DARBY, PA.—In Mr. Britt's article we have an emetic for those who consume a platter of Christianity, the taste of which is disguised with an indigestible mixture of condiments, namely bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, and if not ejected will forthwith result in that malignant and fatal disease known as Nazism.—*J. Collector.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Father Coughlin has constantly stated he is not against the Jews as a race. He is opposed to only those *atheistic* Jews who will not follow the Stars and Stripes and release themselves from the strings of Soviet Russia. That's pretty understandable English, isn't it? Is that being anti-Semitic? That is your argument pure and simple.—*John A. Dunphy.*

[Hundreds of letters came in on this controversy, and we regret our lack of space to give them a hearing. Even to list the writers' names would require a large portion of our two pages. However, we hope to give the best of these letters here from time to time, inasmuch as the subject is one of national interest. We want to thank all our good correspondents for their splendid interest and public spirit.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ONLY THREE COUNTRIES HAVE TRAFFIC ON LEFT

LA CROSSE, WIS.—Question No. 12 of your August 12 Twenty Questions reads:

"How do American and European traffic rules differ in the main?" Your answer on page 50 is: "Traffic keeps to the left in Europe."

My answer is: Traffic keeps to the right in Europe in twenty-four countries. Only in three countries traffic keeps to the left—England, Sweden, and Hungary. Somebody ought to check your answers before you print them.—*H. Frommer.*

SKINNY WOMAN IS MAD

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Just read the editorial about skinny women (August 19 Liberty), and to say I'm mad clean through is putting it mildly.

I happen to be a skinny woman (not because I diet but because I am), and I have three of the finest kids you could want. That I could work circles around any one of your buxom women I'd be willing to bet.

Back in our pioneer mothers' days the women were not all big, and I know the small ones had more vim and vigor than the large ones. My mother always said it took the lean horse for a long run, and I think she was right.

It is far more disgusting when a little man falls in love with a large woman than it is the way Mr. Macfadden says in his editorial.—*Marguerite Engels.*

HAIR-DO HOMICIDE

EL PASO, TEX.—From Beverly Hills' review of Bachelor Mother (August 12 Liberty), "Ginger Rogers (in spite of an amazing hoodlike hair-do) is the sprightly suspected shopgirl."

Can't something be done about this? We men wouldn't care how grotesque Ginger Rogers makes herself, but our women imitate her and we have to look at 'em. Last week my wife came home from the beauty parlor with a Ginger Rogers hair-do. Miss Rogers is a marvelous actress, yet I could cheerfully murder her. I believe that any male jury that saw my wife would call it justifiable homicide.—*John R. Lewis.*

BIG BILL'S BONDS

ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—No less than ten cities and six towns claim my Big Bill, according to letters sent to me! Figure that one. Meantime, here's the latest:

Big Bill grins. "So you bankers are stuck with $3,000,000 of Hawaiian bonds? And you want a law passed making these bonds legal for savings-bank investment?"

"Exactly. And here is $25,000 for your trouble."

Big Bill pockets the dough and calls in his legislators.

A month passes and here Old Doc stands before the governor. "You should veto this bill," he says.

"I can't offend the bankers, Doc."

Old Doc smiles. "Big Bill has quietly bought up these Hawaiian bonds. If you sign this bill making them a legalized investment for savings banks, Big Bill will cop a fortune."

"You mean—er—that the bankers have been relieved of their headache?"

"Right!" says Doc. "Big Bill went about it quietly. So you see, governor, the bankers do not need this legislation now."

"And Big Bill is stuck for $3,000,000?"

"Less $25,000," grins Doc.

"I'm glad you called on me, Doc. I shall veto this bill. Our savings banks must be protected."

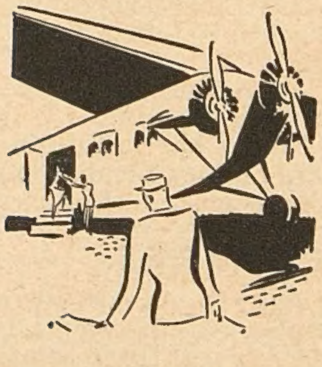
Old Doc says to me the next day, "Many of our Interests in this world have little Principle."

Make out that didn't tickle my phony bone!—*Ambrose.*

OFFICIAL PRAISES KARIG

Los Angeles, Calif.—I have just read with great interest the comments of Walter Karig on What Lindbergh Is Really Doing in the U. S. A. (July 1 Liberty). I think it is one of the best written statements of Lindbergh's assistance to the whole aviation industry.

So often we overlook the rather obvious fact that real and lasting progress in civic and political matters is made by steps as slow and gradual as they are painful, and Mr. Karig has brought this point out most convincingly to the American people.—*C. C. Moseley, President, Aircraft Industries Corp.*



MAY IT RUN FOREVER!

New York, N. Y.—Congratulations to Liberty and the authors of American Family. May this series run on forever, and may you have many of similar caliber in your future issues. Most interesting and constructive, especially to the younger generation, and to all interested in this country's future.—*S. B. Wakeman.*

PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY ON BIRTH CONTROL

Knoxville, Tenn.—After reading Mahatma Gandhi's denunciation of birth control (August 5 Liberty), it seems to lose its significance as against the seething foment of poverty, overpopulation, and discontent which arises out of his great country.

It would seem that the sensible application of an intelligently directed and medically supervised program of birth control would have prevented many of the problems which one finds in India today. No one, of course, questions the sincerity of Mahatma Gandhi. One must, however, question the wisdom of his remarks.

It seems that the opponents of birth control lose sight of two things. They lose sight of the basic obligation of individual men and women to help themselves improve their own conditions, rather than to depend so much upon society to take care of their mistakes and errors through governmental subsidies, programs for rehabilitation, and other remedial measures.

In the second place they lose sight of the fundamental way in which birth control may prevent problems. It is basic to the solution of many problems of health, insecurity, child welfare, and marital happiness. Birth control, if intelligently applied, may stop up both individual and social sources out of which many of our deficiencies, defects, individual pathologies, and community problems arise.

The prevention of problems at their source is today's crying need. There is no better prevention than birth control. —*William E. Cole, Professor of Sociology, University of Tennessee.*

CONTENT WITH SMALL FRY?

Hot Springs, Ark.—Frederick L. Collins' articles on Hell in Hot Springs (July 22-August 12 Liberty) have been rather amusing, in that they resolved themselves into egotistical declarations that the "Super-G-men" accomplished "the impossible perfect clean-up." Whereas a careful analysis of the articles themselves reveals the confession that while evidence was produced involving some of the "higher-up" politicians (and the "boss gambler") in rank corruption, the "Super-G-men" were content to corner a few of the rats and "small-fry" officials and call it "a perfect day." While the real motivating fountainhead of corruption (the same story in any state of the Union), the higher-up political and gambling racketeers—from city to state—were left unmolested to continue their corrupt manipulation against clean government and society.

What about it, Mr. Collins? —*R. B. (Red) Pepper.*

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BABY!

St. Louis, Mo.—I want to congratulate Marie E. Killackey for her beautiful inspiring story I Had a Baby After Forty (July 29 Liberty). It brings back memories. I had one also—blue-eyed, precious, lovely.

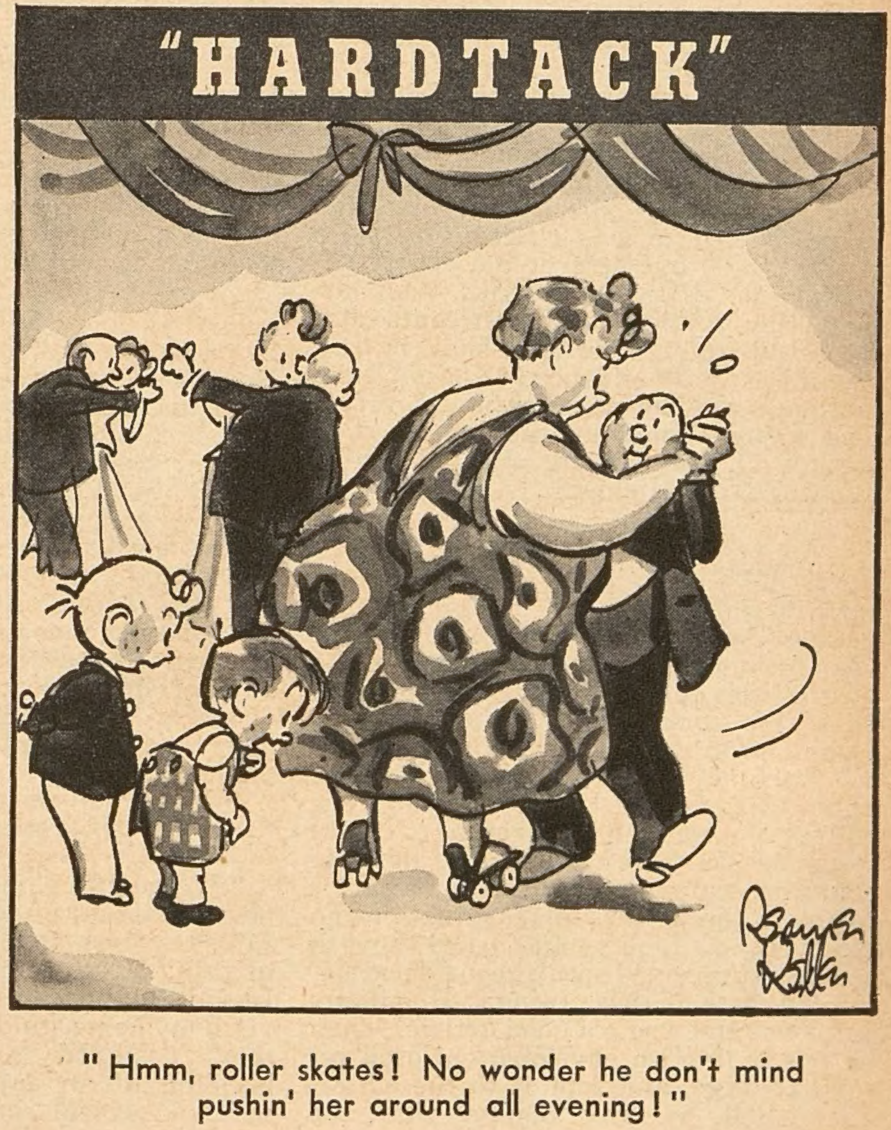
My case was a similar one (at that time I was forty-four). It was a similar one, even to the point that ". . . the worst of it was, the columnists told the news."

It was the worst, all right! Two weeks later I lost my baby. She was only nineteen . . . a chorus girl, but boy, what a beautiful baby!—*B. C.*

JIMMY NOT A SHOWMAN

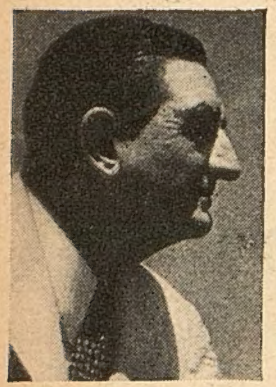
Atlanta, Ga.—I Was a Showman Too, by Jimmy Walker (August 12 Liberty), gave me the biggest horse-laugh I have had since I was a punk in my first tumbling act.

A showman is rarely seen—you know him by his work; you know your politician by his monkeyshines. A successful politician is an actor and ego promoter without professional guidance; *not a showman.*—*Charles Whitney.*



"Hmm, roller skates! No wonder he don't mind pushin' her around all evening!"

Why Mr. Roosevelt Should Not Run Again



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

AMATEUR authors often think that no one reads their manuscripts except themselves. When their stories come back they feel certain they were declined without a reading. This, of course, is sheer superstition. No author lives forever. Magazines can exist only as long as they have authors to write for them; the search for new talent is constant. Every one of the thousands upon thousands of manuscripts that come to Liberty every year is given at least one going over by an experienced reader.

Every now and then these readers have the thrill of a great discovery. There was, for example, the time when a first reader came upon the manuscript called Ambush, by Robert Ray. It was his first story, and he just put it in the mail to Liberty with stamps for its return if it were found unavailable. We published it and you all enjoyed it, and later you saw the excellent picture made from the story in the Paramount Studios. Another such thrill came to a first reader a few months ago when, among the great pile of other manuscripts, he discovered the notable article by George Bernard Shaw in which he defended Lady Astor and sought to demolish the legend of the Cliveden Set.

JUST THE OTHER DAY we came upon a new discovery—a manuscript simply addressed to the Editor of Liberty Magazine, New York City, and called Mr. Roosevelt and the Third-Term Dictatorship. Reading that manuscript was an exciting experience. Here was knowledge, here was observation, here was a kindly but determined article assailing mercilessly, but with good humor, the problem that confronts Mr. Roosevelt and the nation—shall he run again for the Presidency? Not until the last page was the authorship discovered. The name signed at the bottom was Arthur H. Vandenberg, United States Senator from Michigan.

HERE WAS A FIND in the daily mail. Here was a first-class contribution to one of the greatest of present-day national problems by a man who is himself conspicuous among the possibilities for the Republican nomination. We commend Mr. Vandenberg's technique in submitting manuscripts to all aspiring authors. He might have approached the matter in many different ways. He could have sent a personal letter to Mr. Macfadden or to me. He could have turned over the manuscript to any of the writers in Washington who contribute to Liberty and asked them to see that it received special consideration. He did none of these things. He simply sat down and wrote a good article. Then he put it into an envelope, enclosed return postage, and sent it to the editor, untroubled by any doubts that his offering would not get full attention.

We commend also the article itself to every thoughtful American, to friends of President Roosevelt as well as to his opponents, and to every American who still is making up his mind. This article had something to say and says it well. Thank you, Senator Vandenberg!

THERE ARE MANY OTHER exciting articles in next week's issue. You will certainly want to read the article on Bob Hope by Frederick L. Collins, and Bill McGowan's An Umpire Looks at the World Series, and the revelations of a cameraman in Hollywood by Kenneth L. Watt, and two excellent short stories, The Last Night, by Howard Fast, and The Tyrant, by David Lamson, together with Yesterdays! A Story of Two Margarets, by Carey Wilson, Will This Be the 49th State? by Fred Allhoff, and full-measure installments of all the current serials. We think this is an especially interesting and exciting issue.

AS I POINTED OUT on the radio the night that it happened, the alliance between Hitler and Stalin was precisely forecast in Liberty on July 30, 1938, and again on September 3, 1938, in two articles by Princess Radziwill. The first was called Will Stalin and Hitler Join Hands to Rule the World? The second was Stalin Talks About Hitler. The Russian Embassy denied the stories venomously, but we declined to retract. Now we are justified by the headlines more than a year later. But it is a strange thing to see Soviet Russia joining the anti-Comintern pact.

CHATTER BY THE WAY . . . We nominate as a comer in the theatrical field a young lady whom we saw dance at the opening of George White's Scandals. Her name is Ann Miller, and she may well take the place in starland that has been dimmed since Eleanor Powell sort of faded out of the picture. . . .

SALUTE TO COURAGE. From Gertrude Cook Page, High Point, North Carolina, comes the following: "I have just read your back page in September 2 Liberty, and I think it is one of your best. Doubtless it appealed to me because I am one of those to whom the gods have dealt an irreparable blow. I have been ill for seven years with a rare, tragic, incurable, and progressive malady. I am still a young woman. What have I done to deserve such a fate? I have tried to accept my fate graciously, but I often wonder; especially do I wonder how William Ernest Henley could have written such lines:

> I am the master of my fate:
> I am the captain of my soul.

"We may be captains of our souls but never masters of our fate. I have had famed doctors from Mayo to London, all in vain. Now my prayer 'is to endure.' In spite of my affliction, I have supervised my home, guided two young daughters, designed and supervised the building of an early American house, written several songs and poems, and am still trying to carry on. Perhaps some day I shall understand the meaning of it all. . . ."

WE DO NOT KNOW anything much about oil. But now we are asked to send an autographed photograph to go in the Drake Museum at Titusville, Pennsylvania. The Drake Museum is in a little park commemorating the birthplace of the billion-dollar petroleum industry; it was there, in 1859, that the world's first oil well was drilled by Colonel E. L. Drake. The original pipe, which was sunk 69½ feet before oil was reached, is still there. In the museum the early history of oil is told graphically. The exhibit includes the Boyle collection, containing almost every type of lamp designed by man to ward off darkness. Well, all right! We will send our autographed picture for this museum. The only appropriate reason we can think of for its being there is that it is the picture of a man who wishes he had got in on the ground floor.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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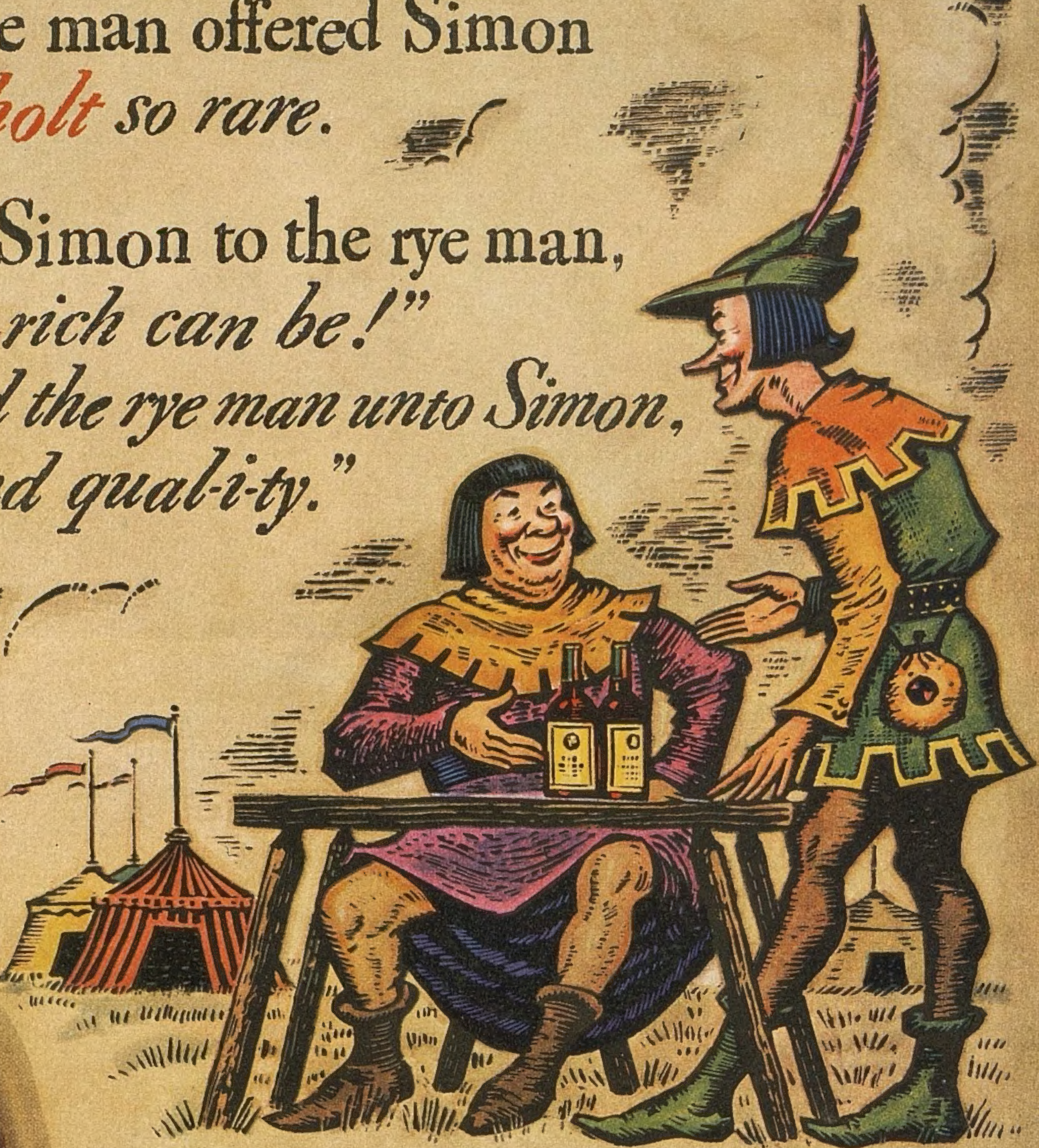
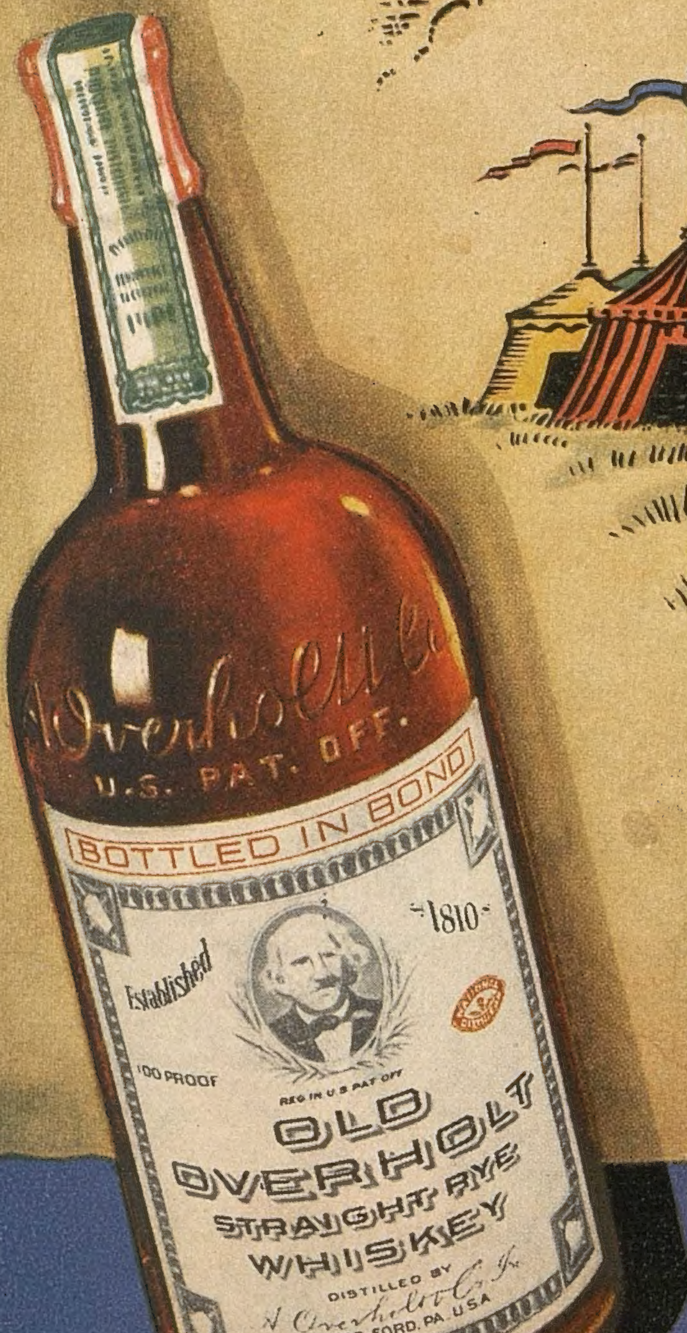
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JOHN HYDE PHILLIPS

Simple Simon met a rye man
Going to the fair,
And the rye man offered Simon
Old Overholt so rare.

Then said Simon to the rye man,
"It's rich as rich can be!"*
"Right!" said the rye man unto Simon,
"In taste and qual-i-ty."

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